

The Listener

and
B.B.C. Television Review

Vol. LXVI. No. 1685.

THURSDAY, JULY 13, 1961

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
LIBRARY

JUL 2 1961

CHICAGO

15c



Russian peasants selling vegetables on the Moscow 'free market'. See Alec Nove on 'Is there a crisis in Soviet agriculture?' (page 43)

Leap-frog in West Africa

By Lionel Fleming

Management and British Universities

By V. L. Allen

Risks in Reporting Foreign Trials

By D. R. Harris

A Masterpiece by Mantegna

By Bryan Robertson

A Day in the Life of the American Television Viewer

By Kenneth Adam

she can't
have one
without
the other

Most people want the comfort of modern amenities—but few like the towers that bring the power to work them. What's the answer? Return to lamplight, peat fires and the washing tub? Bury the power lines and do away with the towers altogether? Attractive idea—just possible too, but at 17 times the cost—with its inevitable effect on your bill. For the foreseeable future, transmission towers must stay. But they cannot be planted just anywhere. An Act of Parliament charges the Central Electricity Generating Board with a double duty: to provide an efficient and economical electricity supply, while preserving visual amenity as far as possible. Power lines are planned with forethought—by men who are as anxious as you are to keep this land green, pleasant . . . and up-to-date.



who make and supply electricity to 12 Area Electricity Boards in England and Wales (which re-sell to consumers) and British Railways.

Write for a copy of "Preserving Amenities" to The Central Electricity Generating Board, 54 Winsley Street, London, W.1.

The Listener

Vol. LXVI. No. 1685

Thursday July 13 1961

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

CURRENT AFFAIRS:	B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ...	58
Is There a Crisis in Soviet Agriculture? (Alec Nove) ...	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:	
Leap-frog in West Africa (Lionel Fleming) ...	From J. N. Stone, Constantine FitzGibbon, Jeremy Westall,	
The Intellectual's Dilemma under Communism (Petru Dimitriu) ...	A. P. Rowe, Colin Clark, Ronald Pickvance, Henryk Schoenfeld, and W. A. Munford ...	62
THE LISTENER:	ART:	
Liberty or Death? ...	'The Triumph of Caesar', by Mantegna (Bryan Robertson) ...	64
What They Are Saying (Stanley Mayes) ...	LITERATURE:	
DID YOU HEAR THAT?	Book reviews (Sir Harold Nicolson, John Morris, Hilary Corke, Alec Robertson, and M. W. Beresford) ...	67
Russia at Earls Court (Kenneth J. Robinson) ...	New Novels (Burns Singer) ...	69
The Eager Eye of Mr. Gunning King (Gale Pedrick) ...	CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:	
The Ridge at Lord's (John Sherwood) ...	Television Documentary (Veronica Hull) ...	70
Mother Football (Eric Roberts) ...	Television Drama (Frederick Laws) ...	71
EDUCATION:	Sound Drama (Ian Rodger) ...	71
Management and the Universities (V. L. Allen) ...	The Spoken Word (Michael Swan) ...	72
HISTORY:	Music (Edward Lockspeiser) ...	72
The King's Grace (Walter Ullmann) ...	MUSIC:	
POEMS:	'Elegy for Young Lovers' (Donald Mitchell) ...	73
Patients in a Public Ward (Elizabeth Jennings) ...	BRIDGE (Harold Franklin and Terence Reese) ...	74
The Lights on the Water (Martin Seymour-Smith) ...	HOME DRESSMAKING—II (Ann Austin) ...	75
Rain on Fence Wire (Norman MacCaig) ...	NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ...	75
TELEVISION BROADCASTING:	CROSSWORD NO. 1,624 ...	75
A Day in the Life of the American Viewer (Kenneth Adam) ...		
LAW:		
Risks in Reporting Foreign Trials (D. R. Harris) ...		

Is There a Crisis in Soviet Agriculture?

By ALEC NOVE

THE word 'crisis' suggests a serious fall in production, but this does not appear to be the case. According to official statistics, output in Soviet agriculture is well above the level of ten or even five years ago. True, it has not been increasing significantly for two years now; the grain harvest has remained below the 1958 record figure, but this is largely owing to weather conditions. These facts hardly seem to justify alarmist terminology, yet undoubtedly the Soviet leadership is seriously concerned with the state of agriculture. After the plenary session of the Central Committee last January, Mr. Khrushchev has toured the country to attend regional conferences, and party officials, at all levels, have been dismissed in unusual numbers. There have also been

threats to invoke the criminal law against officials who cheat and make false claims. What then is wrong?

First, there is the problem of production. Despite the improvement which occurred after 1953, it is inadequate to satisfy people's needs, if only because of the contrast between Soviet space achievements and persistent shortages of many foodstuffs. Supplies of

meat, milk, and vegetables are often irregular. There are ambitious plans to achieve a substantial increase in the supply of these and other commodities. More animals need more fodder, and the maize campaign, with which Mr. Khrushchev himself is so prominently associated, is designed to provide this. However, the effort to grow more crops comes up against serious practical difficulties. Although the area of the Soviet Union is



'The maize campaign, with which Mr. Khrushchev himself is so prominently associated': harvesting maize on a state farm in the Ukraine

so vast, much of it is useless for agriculture: it is forest, bog, permanently frozen, or desert. In recent years, a vigorous effort was made to plough up new lands, mainly in Kazakhstan and Siberia, in the so-called virgin lands campaign. These lands have yielded several good harvests, but their cultivation is a hazardous business: there is a high risk of drought, the growing season is short, so that crops may be hit by autumn frosts before they are ripe, and the soil is liable to erosion and weed infestation. Matters have not been improved by the tendency to sow the same crop, wheat, on the same land year after year; all this gives rise to serious concern.

There are plans for vast irrigation schemes in the drought-affected areas of south and east Russia, but these require large investments and time to complete. In other parts of the Soviet Union, especially in the centre and northern areas, where there is usually plenty of rain, yields are low because of the low fertility of the soil. The key to this problem is a large increase in production of fertiliser. Large investments in the chemical industry are being made, but these, too, take time to mature. There are therefore formidable obstacles to any very rapid increase in farm output. But Mr. Khrushchev's goals are extremely ambitious. Rapid growth was indeed achieved for a few years after 1953, when higher farm prices and increased investments in agriculture did make possible something of a leap forward. Mr. Khrushchev now apparently expects further advance at an even more rapid pace, despite all the difficulties.

Pressure to Achieve the Impossible

The administrative and organizational troubles of Soviet farming are in considerable part due to the pressure which is exerted from the top to achieve the impossible. This pressure gives rise to wrong actions which react unfavourably on production and cause unnecessary loss. Plans for agriculture are put into effect by local officials, of which the most important are the provincial party secretaries. They know how much grain, meat, and other products their area should deliver to the state, and what their production targets should be. They are also encouraged to make high bids on behalf of their areas, to promise publicly to perform better than planned. These officials are rewarded if agriculture in their area is successful, and liable to be sacked if it is not. It is hardly surprising that they exert administrative pressure on their subordinates and, eventually, on the farms in their area.

The collective farms are supposed to be autonomous; they know their soil and conditions best; and Soviet leaders have often stated that they ought to be allowed to use their initiative. Yet there is ample evidence that harassed provincial and district party secretaries issue the most detailed instructions to the farms about what to grow, and when and how to sow and to harvest, and they send plenipotentiaries to order peasants about on the spot. They demand all-out concentration of effort on the campaign of the moment, regardless of the long-term interests of the farm, of agriculture and indeed of the Soviet state. Collective farm chairmen are supposed to be elected by and responsible to the peasant members, but are in fact appointed, and frequently dismissed, by party officials. Often, in the interests of fulfilling the plans, orders are issued by the officials which are harmful for long-term prospects.

To cite one example among many, agronomists on farms in the area of the virgin lands have often urged that fields be left fallow, to rest the land and to combat weeds; but party officials generally refuse to allow this, for fear of criticism if their superiors hear of a fall in the area sown to grain, although fallow is vitally necessary in these dry steppelands. Many other instances, some of them remarkable, were mentioned in recent speeches by Mr. Khrushchev and other leaders. Some officials, in their attempts to fulfil delivery plans for grain, left farms with no seed grain and no fodder. Others fulfilled the meat plan at the cost of slaughtering so many animals that the following year's supplies were placed in jeopardy. In one province, in the North Caucasus, so many bulls were slaughtered for meat in 1960 that there was a spectacular increase in the percentage of barren cows, which naturally threatened the future output of both meat and milk. Some officials, including senior party functionaries, cheated by ordering the farms to buy food in the shops and to deliver it as if they had produced it themselves: this operation imposed

grievous financial loss on the farms and therefore on their peasant members, since the food had to be bought at retail prices and resold cheaper. There were also instances of plain unvarnished cheating: making claims which were simply false; and one wonders just how exaggerated the published output statistics must be. One effect of last year's excesses in the state's campaign to buy meat is clearly visible already: in the first quarter of this year meat production has fallen seriously short of plan, and queues have been longer than usual.

Unfulfilled Plans

It could be argued, with some truth, that administrative excesses have not been rare in the history of Soviet agriculture, and also that agricultural plans, unlike those for industry, have seldom been fulfilled. It is also true that Soviet farm organization has often been inefficient, and to this extent the present troubles are not new. However, the pressure to fulfil plans which are more unrealistic than usual seems to have encouraged a more than usual number of officials either to simulate non-existent successes or to threaten the health of agriculture by impossible demands. These officials are caught in a dilemma. Unless they can claim 'plan fulfilment' they are liable to be discredited and dismissed for failure, and if they cheat—and are found out—they may be dismissed anyhow. Mr. Khrushchev angrily attacked the sinners, among whom were party leaders in several union republics. Many have been replaced, and all have been warned.

However, it is hardly likely that a change in personnel can cure the disease. There is more insistence than ever on the responsibility of the party secretaries for 'their' areas, which must lead to pressure down the line and, probably, to still more undesirable practices. Last January Mr. Khrushchev rebuked so powerful a man as the first secretary of the Ukrainian party when he reported a modest harvest of maize. Impossible, said Mr. Khrushchev; half must have been stolen by the peasants in the fields. So now Mr. Khrushchev is insisting on an all-out effort to achieve an unheard-of yield of maize in the Ukraine this year. The consequences can readily be foreseen: either there will be failure, with or without false claims to success, or perhaps there will be success for maize, but only at the cost of disastrous neglect of other crops and still more disruption of the farms' own plans and of crop rotations.

Such centrally organized campaigns threaten to undo the good effect of several recent reforms. These include, for instance, a new network of purchasing agencies for farm products, and a much improved supply system for farm machinery. Prices of machinery and fuel have been cut, and farms are granted more generous bank credits. If only the farmers were given more freedom to decide what to produce, things should improve.

Illogicalities of the Price System

The reason for all this pressure from above, for the refusal to leave the farms free to decide for themselves, lies partly in a long-ingrained habit of ordering the peasants about, but partly also in the illogicalities of the price system. The farms cannot be allowed to choose by reference to the profit motive, because they would then produce the wrong things. Therefore their plans must be the subject of interference by officials. At the centre, the top leadership becomes increasingly impatient with the poor showing of agriculture, which contrasts sharply with the achievements of industry; and this impatience shows itself by the issue of orders down the official hierarchy, a refusal to listen to excuses, and the adoption of ambitious output targets.

Finally, there are the peasants. They do two things: they work on the farms, and they are also individual producers of foodstuffs on their own plots and allotments. It must not be forgotten that private activities are still responsible for half of all the meat and milk, much of the vegetables and most of the potatoes and eggs produced in the Soviet Union. This private sector, although lacking all modern implements and severely restricted by law, is extremely productive. But the private activities of peasants are unpopular with the authorities for two reasons: first, they are private and therefore ideologically suspect, and, secondly, the peasants spend much of their time on tending private animals, cultivating potatoes, taking goods to market—

time which they ought to be devoting to the collective farm. Consequently, the peasants are under pressure to dispose of their animals and to work regularly for the collective. The output from private holdings fell in 1960 and is thought to be still falling. But to persuade the peasants to work harder for collective farms, to make up for the loss of their vigorous part-time private productive activities, is no easy matter. At the least they must be offered more money, a regular wage. Yet most farms still cannot pay a guaranteed wage, but only a kind of dividend of uncertain size. A controversy is raging about how to cope with this problem. Some suggest turning collective farms into state farms, and collective peasants into wage labourers. Others argue for a union of all collective farms which could then financially support each other. At the moment neither of these things is being done, though the number of state farms has been increasing in recent years, and many farms have been amalgamated, since the odd belief is held that very large farms are likely to be more efficient. The attitude of the peasants, their desire to work for the collective farm if their little private holdings are being cut down, is one of the unknowns in the present situation.

The peasants' holdings are much more productive than collective-farm land, and it might be thought that a possible

solution to the problem of production would be simply to enlarge the area of private cultivation. However, this is less obvious than it sounds. Peasant allotments are indeed highly productive. I have seen the striking contrast between their potatoes and vegetables and the same crops grown on collective farms. But this is largely owing to the fact that peasant labour, and manure from their animals, are concentrated on a very small area. It does not follow that a substantial enlargement of this area would yield proportionate results, quite apart from the problems of mechanization which would then arise. Yet it is probably the case that output would go up if the existing restrictions on peasant private enterprise were somewhat loosened, and virtually certain that the transfer of land now cultivated privately to collective farms would have the opposite result.

Is there, then, a crisis in Soviet agriculture? In one sense, no. The 1961 crops, assuming favourable weather, may well be better than 1960; there is no sign of collapse. However, there is much heart-searching among the leadership about how to solve the complex social, organizational, and technical problems that stand in the way of the rapid advance which the plans envisage; and it would be unrealistic to assume that these plans will be, or indeed can be, fulfilled.—*Third Programme*

Leap-frog in West Africa

By LIONEL FLEMING, B.B.C. Commonwealth correspondent

ON the statue of President Nkrumah in Accra there is one inscription that sometimes causes visitors to lift their eyebrows. It says: 'Seek ye first the political kingdom, and the rest shall be added unto you'. Irreverent or not, the words are a clue to the man's character, and the kingdom in Nkrumah's mind is now nothing less than the political unity of Africa.

But, whereas only a short time ago he was the acknowledged leader in the hunt, other men with different ideas now seem to have forged ahead. One of the most fascinating things in West Africa has been to watch the changing balance of forces there, and the apparent tilting of the scales against Ghana.

The wave of independence struck Ghana at exactly the right instant for her; it swept her forward as if she had been a surf-rider, right into the forefront of African politics. She profited by every moment. At the press conference given by Dr. Nkrumah on the day after independence, almost his first words were that the freedom of Ghana meant nothing without the freedom of Africa, and that he meant to call a conference of African heads of state to pursue the grand design.

Not one but several conferences took place, and I went to them. On the surface, they seemed merely to provide a splendid opportunity for blowing off steam—for denouncing the evils of colonialism in wide terms and asserting the right of all Africans to govern themselves. During one prolonged passage of rhetoric, a cynical friend passed a note across to me. 'The air,' it said, 'resounds with the noise of dead horses being flogged.'

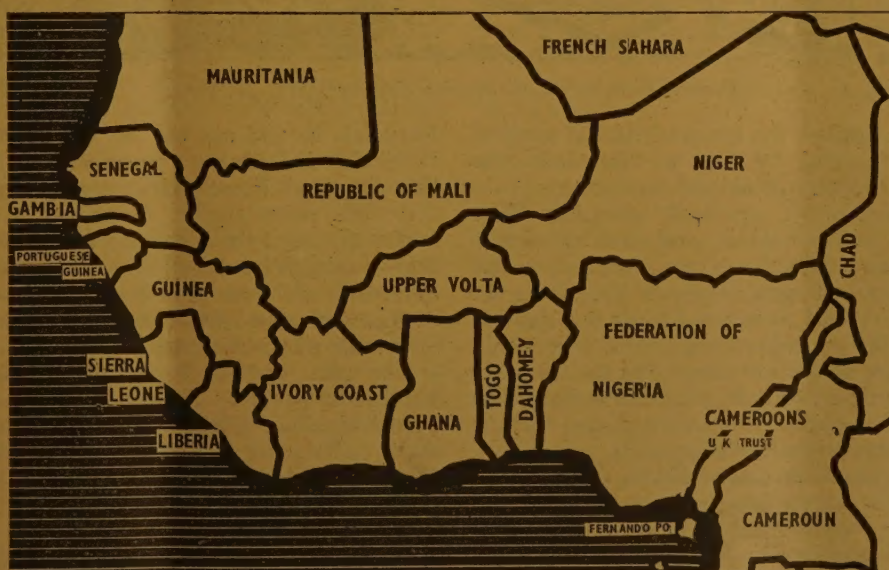
But it would have been short-sighted to dismiss such meetings

with contempt. Their stimulus, and their prestige value to Ghana herself, were enormous. Here, in Accra, was the visible goal that all others could reach—a country governed by Africans for Africans, with its own currency, postage stamps, monuments to national heroes, all the rest of it. Ghana was the shop-window, containing the goods which could be acquired by all. It did not

matter what was said or done at the conference; the proof of success was there in the streets.

The most important of these meetings was probably the one in Accra at the end of 1958, which called together the political leaders of all African territories, whether dependent or independent. It could have been, in fact, more important than it was, for it set up a secretariat which was supposed to co-ordinate all African nationalist movements throughout the continent, and to

supply their leaders with money and guidance. This never came to anything much. However, in the months that followed, I travelled a good deal in other African territories, and in every place I found that the nationalist leaders had been deeply impressed by the 'pan-African' ideas which had been expounded. Sir Roy Welensky was not the only one to blame Accra for the Nyasaland rising—and Dr. Banda, indeed, had been one of the delegates there. Another delegate, Patrice Lumumba, brought back a torch which was eventually to set fire to the Congo. In these things, Ghana had been a main source of inspiration, and Nkrumah followed up on his advantage. Next to come was the so-called 'union' between Ghana and Guinea. This, as he made clear afterwards, was meant to be the nucleus of a much wider union, which other African states could join as soon as they were free.



The practical meaning of this ultimate union has never been exactly defined, any more than the union between Ghana and Guinea has been defined. The latter made a considerable stir when it was first announced, but I was surprised, when I pursued the matter in Accra, to find how vague the answers to my questions could be—for example, how it would affect Ghana's position in the Commonwealth, or how the differences in currency and in language would be met. It soon became apparent that there could be no detailed answers, and that the union was—and the Ghana-Guinea-Mali union remains to this day—more of a desire than an achievement. But the desire for that, and for all-African unity, has remained a passionate one so far as Dr. Nkrumah is concerned. His new republican constitution even includes the statement that 'Ghana is a sovereign unitary republic, with power to surrender any part of her sovereignty to a Union of African States'.

In Ghana itself it is still assumed that Nkrumah—now described as Osagyefo, or the Great Leader—is welcomed as the champion of pan-Africanism throughout the continent. 'Nkrumahism' has been exalted almost into a faith by the government press, sometimes in terms that have to be seen to be believed. 'Kwame Nkrumah', says one article, 'has revealed himself like a Moses—yea, a greater Moses. We are convinced beyond every doubt that Nkrumah is a messenger of destiny, revealing himself by signs in an age of doubt, and we are equally convinced that, with the support of all African leaders, he will help to lead his people across the Red Sea of imperialist massacre and suffering'. A characteristic newspaper cartoon displays the figure of Africa, tortured by white imperialism and crying for help to Nkrumah—who accordingly appears from the skies with aid and comfort.

But this is a view which is not universally shared in West Africa. Action inevitably breeds reaction, and those of us who have been covering African affairs have been aware for some time of a growing resistance to Ghana's vigorous leadership. In the early stages we were inclined to watch Liberia for signs of jealousy—for Liberia, by far the oldest independent state, could hardly welcome the initiative of this newcomer. But the Liberians seemed content to assert their seniority by a careful insistence on their dignity at the various conferences. At receptions it was the Liberians who tended to turn up in white tie and tails.

The signs of discontent came from other quarters, from Nigeria for example, which was then approaching her own independence, and was in no mood to be overshadowed by anyone else in West Africa. It is three years since a Nigerian Minister, Chief Enahoro, said that his country did not see the need of any guidance from the leaders of Ghana. 'Dr. Nkrumah and his colleagues', he said, 'should not present themselves to the world as the leaders of Black Africa'. And he added rather sourly: 'Nothing which has happened in Ghana in recent months could inspire Nigeria to give them this recognition'. At the Accra conference at the end of that year, Nigeria was one of those which noticeably refused to join in acclamation for the pan-African idea, and this mood has continued. Last year her Federal Prime Minister, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa, remarked publicly that he did not see why so much weight was being given to what Dr. Nkrumah did or did not say. As for pan-Africanism, he said, 'Nigeria will not surrender her sovereignty to anyone. It is very premature to talk of a United States of West Africa'.

One of the most formidable opponents of Nkrumahism has

turned out to be Monsieur Houphouët-Boigny, from Ghana's western neighbour, the Ivory Coast. In the early stages, before the Ivory Coast had reached full independence, I had the impression that this attitude, like Nigeria's, was governed mainly by touchiness and pride. Some years ago, when someone raised the question of Ghana's independence, I heard Houphouët-Boigny flare up in an instant. 'Of what use is independence without freedom?' he said. 'Where is freedom in Ghana now?'

Mixed with jealousy has been suspicion—suspicion that all this talk of pan-Africanism is nothing more than a cloak for the personal ambitions of Nkrumah. It was Monsieur Houphouët-Boigny, again, who put this thought in its bluntest form. 'When Dr. Nkrumah speaks of unity', he said, 'he speaks of it with the condition that he shall be the leader, and that this country shall be the capital of this united Africa'.

Last year, a clumsy piece of Ghanaian diplomacy increased that suspicion. Dr. Nkrumah had suggested a union with his little eastern neighbour, Togo, because of certain tribal links between them. The idea was turned down, perhaps a little off-handedly, by the Togo Prime Minister, Monsieur Sylvanus Olympio. Tempers began to rise. A Ghanaian minister declared: 'Whether Olympio likes this or not, Togo shall be united with Ghana'. The Ghanaian Government then asserted that Togo had made plans for an invasion. It was in this melodramatic atmosphere that I went into Togo to find the local press denouncing Ghana as 'the new imperialists and champions of neo-colonialism', and M. Olympio himself in a state of considerable amusement.

Nkrumah, he told me, was like the fox who attacked the rabbit: 'mais c'est le lapin qui a commencé'. 'But seriously', he added, 'he will get all French Africa against him if he goes on like this'.

At this point another factor has to be looked at. So far, I have discussed the negative reactions to Ghana's bid for leadership—reactions based on jealousy or suspicion. There is a positive element as well: the growth of attitudes which do not necessarily conflict with pan-Africanism, but which certainly seem to have little to do with it at the moment.

The great area of French Africa sometimes seems as if it were in a world of its own. To travel between English and French-speaking territories, as I was doing this spring, is to make one wonder if there is such a thing as a general African identity, for the habits and even the outlook of each are so much conditioned by either London or Paris.

But other things too have tended to set the French-speakers apart from the English-speakers. They are not isolated countries, they are joined together in an enormous land-mass which under French rule was administered almost as a unit. These new nations are therefore accustomed to the idea of unity in practical rather than in ideal terms, and much of that unity still remains—a common currency, for example, and trade union system, and political parties which in nearly every case derive from a common origin. Add to this the facts that France poured, and still continues to pour, far more money into this area than Britain ever did into hers, and that France gives trade preferences of a desirable kind. You then get a situation in which these ex-French countries are disposed to strengthen the practical links between themselves, and also to remain on close and friendly terms with France. One is tempted, perhaps, to think that France has been cleverer than Britain in achieving this result.

Always excepting Guinea, of course, and perhaps Mali. But



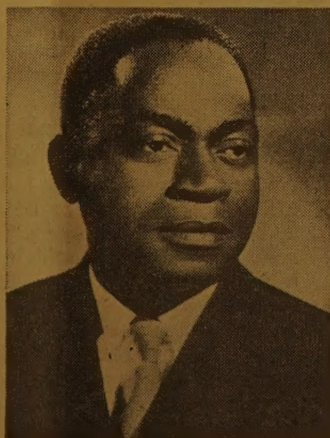
Cartoon from the Accra Evening News of March 28, 1960



One of the main streets of Accra, capital of Ghana

even here it is important to remember that it was France that severed the last links with Guinea, not vice versa. It is one of the small curiosities of history that Sekou Touré, in the first press conference he gave after independence, ended with the words: 'Long live Guinea; long live France'. And it was in this period that he told me: 'A mother does not abandon her child, nor a child her mother. You will see that relations between us and France will turn out to be all right'. They did not; but even so I do not know that one can count either Guinea or Mali as being permanently lost.

So far as the other French-speakers were concerned, they went ahead to re-create, as independent states, some of the unity which they had experienced as colonies. The important difference between their point of view and that of Ghana was that there was no question in their minds of merging sovereignties. They approached the problem from the opposite end. To them, the more important aims were the strengthening of transport links, the encouragement of customs unions, and things like that. They laid those foundations at a series of conferences. But in the course of the talks, it became clear also that a political gap was opening between these French states and the allies of Ghana. For they disagreed with the tough, left-wing line which the Nkrumah group was taking. Their sympathy with France made them dislike the line of 'positive neutralism'—the thinking which dissociates itself from both West and East, but expresses itself ready to take help from either. These differences of view were most sharply contrasted in the two conferences held at the end of last year—the Brazzaville meeting between the French-speaking states, and the Casablanca conference between Ghana and her sympathizers. Since then, the 'Brazzaville' and 'Casablanca' groups have seemed to mark the formation of two opposing power blocs in



M. Felix Houphouët-Boigny, Prime Minister of the Ivory Coast

West Africa. In the meantime, something else had been taking place inside the French group which was beginning to look like a physical encirclement of Ghana—the formation of the so-called *Entente* by Houphouët-Boigny of the Ivory Coast—a closely-linked group consisting of his own state, Upper Volta, Niger, and Dahomey. Upper Volta, admittedly, was a slightly wobbly member, but the system did entirely surround Ghana.

It was against this background that the highly significant conference in Monrovia took place two months ago. Monsieur Houphouët-Boigny of the Ivory Coast was one of the leading spirits behind the idea, which was backed also by the 'Brazzaville' powers. But one interesting point was that Nigeria and Liberia were also among the co-sponsors—a hint that the Brazzaville doctrine of gradualism was not confined to the French-speakers. More interesting still, Guinea and Mali—both close allies of Ghana—consented to come.

Ghana herself refused the invitation. Although the conference was to be open to all, there could be no question in this company of Ghanaian leadership, no question of even a verbal triumph for the pan-African ideal. Dr. Nkrumah set to work to repair his defences. He had a hasty meeting with the Guineans and Malians in Accra, persuaded them to stay away from Monrovia after all, demanded a postponement of the conference, and announced the formation of a 'Union of African States'. The conference went its way, and in due course decided that there should be closer links between all African countries—adding, however, the stinging statement that 'any conception of unity which entails the surrender of sovereignty is totally unrealistic'.

Dr. Nkrumah then carried the contest into the other camp. He not only denounced the conference as unrepresentative; he set about to form some kind of alliance with the Upper Volta, and already has been able to announce that the customs barriers between them are down. The point of this move is that if Upper Volta were to change her allegiance, she would no longer form part of an encirclement of Ghana—on the contrary, she would be part of an encirclement of the Ivory Coast, consisting of herself, Ghana, Mali, and Guinea.

At the moment this is still a game of political leap-frog, and it is hard to say who is likely to be in front at the end of the game. Also, one cannot assume that all the present policies are fixed ones—the recent actions of Guinea, Mali, and Upper Volta are a warning against hasty verdicts. And at Dakar University, when I visited the rooms of a young student from the Ivory Coast, I noted that the framed photograph on his desk was not of Monsieur Houphouët-Boigny, it was of Monsieur Sekou Touré of Guinea. In other words, many of the younger intellectuals do not share the views of their present leaders, and the battle for pan-Africanism is by no means lost even in the French-speaking territories.

There are attractions to the African mind in both doctrines. To the pan-Africans, the appeal of such men as Dr. Nkrumah is more dynamic, and sounds more self-reliant, than the attitude of men whom they accuse of being 'neo-colonialists'—so dependent on the metropolitan Powers that they are afraid to let go of their hand. The others pride themselves on being slightly more grown-up than to fall for grandiose ideas which never seem to get translated into fact, for schemes of unity which take no account of practical problems, for a 'neutralism' which they say is nothing more than a dangerous naïveté. But yet, the end in view is the same end.—*Third Programme*



Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Rockets and revolutions

© BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1961

The yearly subscription rate to THE LISTENER, U.S. and Canadian edition is \$7.50, including postage; special rate for two years \$12.50; for three years \$17.00. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., Eastern News Distributors, Inc., New York 14, N.Y. All communications (including letters for publication and poems which may be submitted accompanied by stamped addressed envelope) should be sent to the Editor at 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England.

Liberty or Death?

IN this country we have built up since the seventeenth century a traditional belief in the values of political liberty and individual freedom, centred upon a parliamentary method of government. Even during the exigencies of two terrible wars men have been found to speak up in the House of Commons on behalf of the rights of the individual citizen. We have worried, and we still worry, over the point where liberty may degenerate into licence or the exploitation of the weak, but equally we are ever watchful to prevent the power of the state or of great corporations from crushing individual rights. The terms in which John Stuart Mill wrote his famous book on *Liberty* are still alive for us today. Of course there are people and parties who do not think in that way: who say, for example, that individual liberty cannot be attained within the existing economic structure and that true political freedom consists in willingly serving a fully egalitarian community. But every human being must ask himself from time to time whether he is really conscious of being free, whether the conditions under which he lives and works allow him to express his own personality, and whether he is sure that he possesses effective political rights. A sense of individual freedom is particularly precious to the artist or man of letters who attempts to depict what he himself feels and believes.

In a moving article (from which extracts were given in a recent B.B.C. European Services broadcast and are printed on another page) Petru Dimitriu, a Rumanian author, described the intellectual's dilemma. Dimitriu was already an established novelist when the Communist revolution transformed his country's government and culture. For a time he followed the party line: 'One loved one's country . . . one had to go on living'; there was a family to support. So Dimitriu carried on, aiming, he says, to tell the strange stories of his nation. 'But one was not allowed. Poets and novelists were ordered to describe the reality desired by the new masters'. Yet, though for a while he did so, in his heart he found 'the truth humble and prosaic' and finally he had to go into exile 'in order to continue writing at all'. It was not the mere prohibition of certain subjects that perplexed him, but a sense of terror, the only distant hope being an occasional 'thaw'. The genuineness of that terror, he avers, was attested by the suicides of six intellectuals of his acquaintance and the imprisonment of others.

Such a terror is unfortunately not new or unique in modern history. It has been seen in our own lifetime in many other parts of Europe, notably in the countries dominated by National Socialists or Fascists before the last world war. The reality of such terror is difficult to grasp unless one has lived through it: even the horrors of Belsen and the extermination of the German Jews somehow pale with time. But for the individual who seeks nothing more than to be left in peace to work, to write, or to paint and who finds that the conditions of his political society forbid him to do so there will surely always be wide understanding and deep sympathy: the choice with which he is faced is one, we think, that might confront any of us at any time. Perhaps we may imagine that Patrick Henry's famous cry 'Give me liberty or give me death' was over-dramatic. Yet for sensitive men and women in our world today it is still too often a mind-rending dilemma.

MOSCOW RADIO CONGRATULATED the people of the United States on the anniversary of what had been 'a great revolutionary example'—the Declaration of Independence. *Pravda* said: 'Soviet people honour the glorious democratic and revolutionary traditions of America'; and added that 'Russia, too, played an important part in creating a favourable international atmosphere for the victory of the American Revolution'. A Moscow commentator for North America delved into history to quote Thomas Jefferson as saying: 'I am confident that Russia is the most cordially friendly to us of any Power on earth, will go furthest to serve us, and is most worthy of conciliation'.

On the eve of the anniversary Moscow asked what Jefferson would say today when 'U.S. politicians speak of the necessity of war', 'U.S. diplomacy is preventing' the people of Laos 'from being masters in their own home', and 'the most disgraceful role in the Congo tragedy' has been 'played by the U.S.A.'? *Izvestia* said that 'the homeland of Lincoln and Jefferson' had become 'a bastion of reaction' and that the revolutionary principles of the Declaration of Independence were 'buried in oblivion'. Almost all Soviet comment—and there was much of it—stressed the importance of returning to those principles and establishing friendly relations between Russia and America for the sake of world peace.

Announcing the new treaty with North Korea, Mr. Khrushchev said in a broadcast that he did not like signing military pacts, but had been obliged to do so in this case because the United States, Japan, and 'other Powers'—not named—had turned down all his proposals for relaxing tension and ensuring security in the Far East. In the light of the current struggle between Moscow and Peking for the allegiance of the communist world, the North Korean Prime Minister's statement in Moscow that 'on all the questions discussed' North Korea and the Soviet Union 'think and speak identically' may have had special significance.

Mr. Khrushchev had spoken of 'an openly fascist military dictatorship' set up and maintained by American arms in South Korea. Support for the leader of the recent *coup*, General Pak Chong-hui, came somewhat surprisingly from Havana radio, which praised him for his 'integrity' and said it was likely that he and his followers would 'try to follow a more nationalist policy' than his predecessor.

The situation in Kuwait continued to pose problems for Egyptian commentators. Cairo radio expressed sympathy with Iraqi 'fears' that British troops in Kuwait represented a 'threat' to Iraq. It suggested that General Kassem's declaration that he would not use force deprived the British of any excuse for remaining. At the same time, Cairo said, the U.A.R. thought that discussion of Kuwait's application to join the U.N. should be left until after the British had gone. When Kuwait said it would not ask for a British withdrawal until it received guarantees of admission to the United Nations, *Al-Akhbar* commented that this was not far from the U.A.R. position that the two matters should be linked. Kuwait's insistence on guarantees from Iraq, it added, showed the urgent need for Arab action to remove the factors which legalized the British presence. *Al-Ahram* said that, to the Arabs, Kassem was just 'a cold in the head', but imperialism 'a malignant cancer'.

The Baghdad newspapers continued to press Iraq's claim to Kuwait. Meanwhile *The Washington Post* wrote:

Ideally, it would seem just if tiny Kuwait contributed part of its \$400,000,000 in annual oil royalties to a development fund under the Arab League to be operated for the benefit of the entire region. In the light of the rivalry among Arabs this solution seems far away. But the goal might be kept in mind as the diplomats try to keep the quarrel over Kuwait from erupting into an uglier crisis.

Cairo radio said in a broadcast to Israel that a small and poor country whose people were suffering economic distress ought not to waste money on rockets. The following day it was announced in Washington that the United States had agreed to sell rockets 'for meteorological research only' to the U.A.R.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

STANLEY MAYES

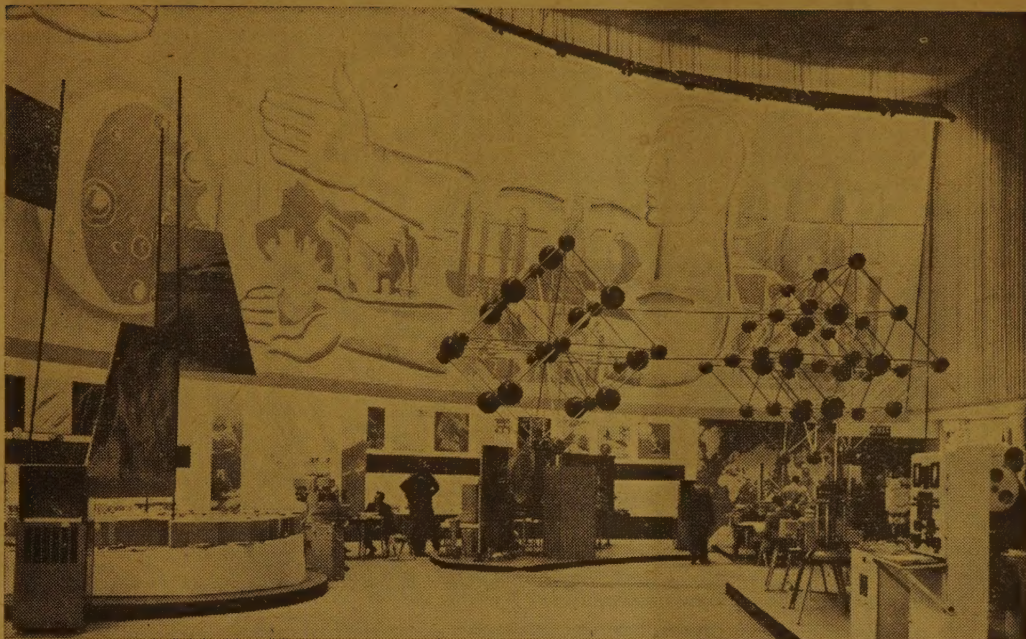
Did You Hear That?

RUSSIA AT EARLS COURT

DESCRIBING HIS VISIT to the Soviet Exhibition, which opened at Earls Court last week, KENNETH J. ROBINSON said in 'Today' (Home Service):

'The show is put together with an almost charming disregard for good design, colours, and lettering—in fact it makes a welcome change from our slick and too-familiar display techniques—and it gives one no sense of direction whatsoever; though one is left in no doubt, of course, that the Russians themselves know exactly where they are going. This is all made clear—from the enormous, wall-high picture, near the entrance, of a Soviet soldier removing his hat in a hayfield (symbolizing a disarming plea for disarming) to the proud claim that Russians make extensive use of fluxed sinter, whatever that is. And if you do not know what it is, you will certainly not find out unless you can pin someone down and ask him.

'This show is designed for the scientific expert as much as the moronic layman, though to be fair it is the layman who gets the most information. On the whole, though, it is information I at least could do without. What I did want was more information about the Russians' housing and their household goods. It is interesting, for example, to see they have worked out a system for prefabricating blocks of flats. If you live in a flat yourself, imagine the whole thing as a self-contained unit made in a factory and lifted into place by an enormous crane. This is something they are experimenting with, and I imagine it is the sort of thing many people will go to the exhibition to find out more



At the Soviet Trade Fair at Earls Court: view of the scientific section surmounted by a mural depicting life in Russia; below: Russian dolls—



about. But unless one is a scientific specialist one will not get much more out of the exhibition than a slight feeling of patriotic smugness. The Russians' art looks like our own Royal Academy ten years ago, their furniture has a 1951 Festival look (though it is rather crude), their radio sets have the appearance we were deploring in our pre-war models (*we* have developed a new kind of plastics nastiness since then), their motor cycles look as if they come straight from a museum catalogue, and their cars are as ridiculously swathed in status-symbol decorations as our own.

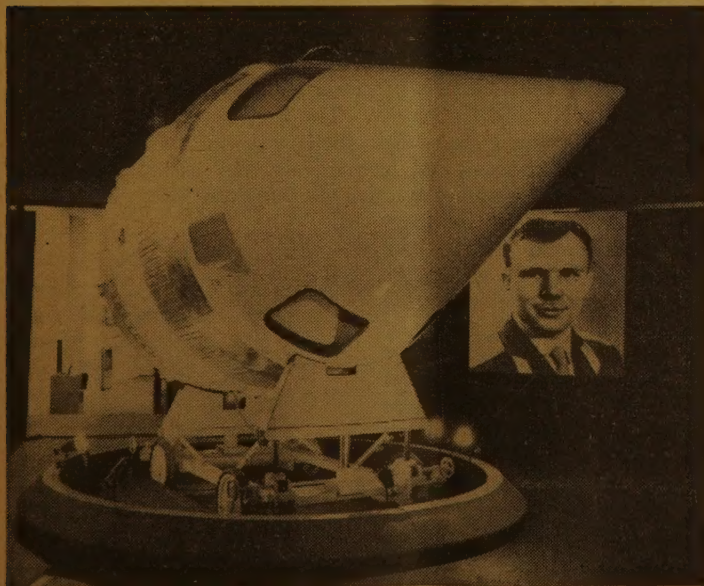
'But I am only talking about the look of these things. I do not know anything about the technical quality of the Russian products. It is, however, a thought that the Russians are the

only people who are really entitled to make chocolates with pictures of space rockets on the box or to sell Cosmos scent and Cosmonaut pine bath-essence'.

THE EAGER EYE OF MR. GUNNING KING

'When the lean, energetic figure of Mr. King came swinging down the lane, determination in every stride', said GALE PEDRICK in a talk in the Home Service, 'the little, gossiping groups would vanish, front doors would gently close, and Harting would become, as if in response to some unspoken password, a deserted village. It was not very polite: but this, perfected over the years, was the drill. For everyone knew the purpose behind the springy step, behind the devilishly keen and darting eyes under the floppy linen hat. My old friend, Gunning King, was bent on his eternal search for a model: and it behoved every wise man, woman, and child to take cover.

'Not that they were being churlish or disapproved of Mr. Gunning King. They regarded him with a certain affection: would have missed his voice, his ringing laugh, the knowledge that although he lived, as many of them lived, in a neat white cottage at a rental of less than twenty pounds a year, they harboured a celebrity. For Gunning King was a distinguished illustrator and portrait painter, a most skilful



—and a model of Moon Rocket II, with a portrait of Major Gagarin in the background

etcher, and famed for his humorous black-and-white drawings.

'Many of his friends endured the ordeal of "sitting for Mr. King" a score of times—I did, for one. It was just as likely

We firmly believe that we are the only people in the world who really know how to grow turf; to produce a flawless green surface as smooth as a billiard table, yet vigorous enough to play games on without wearing thin. The ability to do this is part of our tradition, our heritage. The task of maintaining a cricket ground can be entrusted only to wise, grey-headed groundsmen who were apprenticed to the art as boys.

'At Lord's Cricket Ground, of all places, the art ought to be practised to perfection. It is, so to speak, the cathedral of turf, the central shrine of cricket for the whole British Commonwealth, from the West Indies to New Zealand. Yet for some years now there have been subdued mutterings to the effect that all was not well. The West Indies team which was here in 1957 was heard to murmur politely: "It is not flat". Like Galileo before them, they were disbelieved at first, but the rumours grew, and could not be quieted. But when on June 26, at the end of the Test match against Australia, a firm of specialist surveyors moved in with theodolites, the truth was out. Over a distance of twenty metres in the all-important central area there is a slope of five centimetres.

'Moreover, the slope is not regular. Authorities disagree about what term to use. Some speak of a "depression"; others of a "ridge". The official report prefers to talk about "very slight variations in level", to avoid plunging us into a deep sense of national humiliation. By the way, do not assume that all this is just pedantry by the grass snobs. A point of some practical importance is concerned. If an irregularity makes the cricket ball bounce unexpectedly high, it will hit the unlucky batsman sharply on the face or ear'.

MOTHER FOOTBALL

'A family of ducks in Nevada University are under the impression that a football is their mother', said ERIC ROBERTS, in 'Today' (Home Service). 'This will go down as another example of that most curious bird behaviour called "imprinting".'

'For some reason, ducks and geese are particularly prone to this characteristic, and what it amounts to is that a young bird—we will say a goose—having no idea in the first few minutes of its life what another goose is supposed to look like, will instinctively assume that the first relatively large object it sees when it emerges from the egg is its parent. Normally, of course, the "relatively large object" will indeed be Mother Goose herself, so all is well, but if she does not happen to be around at the time, then Master Gosling may well decide to attach himself to whatever takes his eye. That is precisely what is happening with the ducklings at Nevada University. The first object they happened to see as they burst from their shells was this football—a red football, to be exact—and instinctively they assumed that this plump, colourful, rather attractive old thing was Mum. Even when Mum suffers the indignity of being booted upfield, the young ducklings all go quacking affectionately after her.

'Because of their tendency to assume that whatever they first see is their parent, special precautions have to be taken when geese are hatched in an incubator, otherwise they may decide to lavish filial affection on whoever is in charge of the incubator; and to find yourself being followed everywhere by a goose, unstinting in its devotion, could prove singularly embarrassing'.



CHANGE OF OCCUPATION

Vicar's wife (sympathizingly): 'Now that you can't get about, and are not able to read, how do you manage to occupy the time?'

Old Man: 'Well, mum, sometimes I sits and thinks; and then again I just sits'.

A drawing by Gunning King, reproduced by permission of Punch

to be standing for Mr. King, or lying down for Mr. King, or kneeling for Mr. King in some curious posture. Not infrequently (especially when some biblical subject was in hand) a sitter might be commanded to grow a beard. Gunning's gentle, loyal wife, Pattie, endured, with limitless patience, more than most of us.

'Those of us who knew him well would don a smock, or an ancient hat, and stand, blistering in the sunshine, or shivering in an east wind, while Gunning, peering like some eager, inquisitive sparrow from behind his easel, took stock, and painted us. Always, after posing for Mr. King, we would swear that it was for the last time. But somehow—well, it never was.

'His drawings are full of character and observation. Living in Harting seemed to give him a brilliant understanding of rustic humour. The village lies at the foot of the South Downs, a mile or two within the county of Sussex. Even today the village is in many ways unspoiled. When my old friend discovered Harting it had, he told me, a fairy, dream-like quality: the result of a subtle harmony in colour of the ochre-washed walls of its houses and the lovely creamy shades of the road. The surrounding country was an artist's paradise—the chalk of the Downs, the woods of beech, the sands and heather of the lowlands, the bracken and the pine trees. The years had given Gunning an amazing skill and speed with his brush. In an incredibly short time he could catch the dew on a freshly picked rose, the changing shape of a cloud formation, high above the Downs, the fleeting expression on the face of a friend'.

THE RIDGE AT LORD'S

'It is difficult to convey to you the full awfulness of this discovery', said JOHN SHERWOOD in the B.B.C.'s English Service to Europe. 'Try, if you can, to imagine a solemn wine-tasting ceremony in Bordeaux, at which a dead wasp is found corked up in a precious vintage bottle. Or imagine a formal meeting in the Kremlin, at which a junior member of the Praesidium suddenly announces that capitalism sounds an interesting idea, so why not try it for a change? It was with equal feelings of dismay that we in Britain learned the awful truth: the cricket pitch at Lord's in London is not flat.

'Grass is one of the few things we are still snobbish about.

Management and the Universities

By V. L. ALLEN

B RITISH universities are developing the subject of industrial management with great haste, incautiously and wrongly. And unless there is rapid, radical rethinking in academic high places, the stage will soon be set for the creation of Business Schools on the American pattern. Nothing could be more undesirable for our universities. One can see it clearly: not a new, struggling discipline but one sumptuously provided for, dominating and dominant, with the rest of the social sciences serving it from odd corners, basements, and attics.

Clearly there should be rethinking, for management studies in their present form represent a travesty of the traditional, proper, and unique role of universities. A university should be primarily concerned with the advancement and dissemination of knowledge in all its branches. This requires a high degree of intellectual honesty. Assumptions must be freely questioned, and discarded if necessary. It requires a rational division of the branches of knowledge into subjects, each of which contains all its significant relations; and it necessitates an attempt to build up a body of knowledge in each subject. A new claimant for university status must meet these conditions. Industrial management meets none of them.

The conceptual framework within which management is studied and taught is set by the existing power relationships in industry. Consequently assumptions about ownership and control, about the structure and purpose of industry, are not freely questioned; they are given. The reasons for this are historical.

Employers' Hostility to Interference

Employers have been traditionally hostile to interference in industrial affairs. They believed that the right of control was vested in ownership and they were supported in this belief by their facility to control. But it was a facility derived from economic conditions. So long as there was widespread unemployment, workers were fairly easily disciplined, sorted out, discarded. And unions were weak. The efficiency of labour, therefore, raised no problems. There was no interest, either, in managerial efficiency. The system of recruiting managers through patrimony and nepotism, with a few opportunity ladders scattered here and there, appeared to operate satisfactorily. With the exception of the two world war periods this was so until 1945.

The situation changed when the labour market became a sellers' market. It became difficult to obtain labour and more difficult to keep it. Unable to use their well-tried methods of enforcing discipline, employers had to persuade, induce, and cajole. They had to learn for the first time about the factors which made workers work harder, leave their jobs, go on strike. They turned to social scientists for help.

Most social scientists in Britain before 1945 had been unconcerned about industrial behaviour. No work was done comparable to that of the American team under Elton Mayo which conducted the Hawthorne experiments. Only the works of Alfred Marshall, G. D. H. Cole, Sargent Florence, and Sidney and Beatrice Webb contributed towards an understanding of industry. After 1945 there was a conversion. Economists turned from their models of perfect competition and blinked at the real world of industry; sociologists glanced up from social pathology; but most of them glanced away again; economic historians and political scientists reached for the works of Cole and the Webbs. But it was the psychologists who were most interested and at first had most to offer. The response of the academics was encouraged by the prevailing opinion about industrial production after the war. The country was beset with severe economic problems and a long worship began at the shrine of productivity. Sacrifices were made. One of them was academic integrity.

When social scientists entered the field of industry they did so on employers' terms and concentrated largely on their problems—

on labour turnover, incentives, absenteeism, and other matters relating to productivity. Implicit in the approach of trying to understand industrial behaviour through an investigation of employers' problems was the assumption that there was natural harmony between workers and employers. It was believed that industrial disputes could be resolved by individual and small group adjustments. Make the workers happy, and their suspicions, criticisms, and animosity towards employers will dissolve. How do we make them happy? Give them music while they work; cosy work-places; coloured machines; white coats. And what will be the result? Productivity will rise. Understand workers, for that is the key to effective manipulation. The whole superstructure of personnel management has been built on this misleading, misguided human-relations-in-the-firm approach.

A Misleading Assumption

This assumption that industry has an organic unity has been buttressed and protected by false social science so much that it is now virtually sacrosanct. It has served its purpose well for it has safely kept social scientists from examining matters which might call the existing power structure in industry into question. It has also prevented them from understanding industrial behaviour, for it is a truly misleading assumption.

There is an important conflict of interests in industry which no amount of juggling with individuals can resolve. Workers sell their labour in order to live, so they are compelled to try to keep wages up; employers regard wages as a cost which must be kept as low as possible. The division of authority in industry reinforces this conflict. Employers, having bought labour power, expect to control it, and they have legitimized their expectation in a formal system of power which is continually being challenged by workers. Conflict is built into the industrial structure.

If this is so, it follows that the recognition of power and conflict by social scientists is essential. Because, both have largely been avoided, as if they were contagious diseases, there has been little useful critical analysis of industrial behaviour. But in any case, the subject of management is too narrowly conceived to permit of understanding. Management is not a self-contained activity; it is a single layer of control in a hierarchical structure involving power relationships in industry and power and status relationships in the community at large. Nothing makes sense unless these relationships are taken into account. They have not been taken into account.

No Precision of Thought

The last qualification I stipulated for a university subject was that a body of knowledge about it should be in the process of being built up. Here the study of management fails miserably. Little serious research has been done and less has involved structural or comparative analysis. Consequently the subject has involved virtually no precision of thought. Few subjects have been written about in such vague and imprecise terms.

How can a subject which fails so completely to meet the main requirements for an academic discipline claim to be taught in universities? It might be said, it can because it is vocational: a number of university subjects, such as medicine and law, are vocational. It can be argued, however, that medicine should not form a part of university activities because its learning process occurs in hospitals and that law should be only in so far as it is regarded as jurisprudence. But to be vocational is not in itself a disqualification. It depends how the subject is taught. If it is taught mechanically it is a job which should be done by the technical colleges, for teaching in a university should not be a mechanical process; it should involve relating facts, figures, and methods to wider issues and entail questioning assumptions under-

lying their behaviour or construction. New vocational subjects, then, must amount to much more than the mere acquisition of skills if they are to warrant inclusion in university syllabuses.

Decision-makers

The claim that the study of management is vocational cannot be upheld. The subject purports, according to one university prospectus, 'to prepare executives for increased responsibility in the future within their own organizations, and to assist them in becoming more proficient at their present tasks'. In other words, it attempts vaguely to add to skills without stipulating what those skills are. The same can be said of other courses. In practice there is no simple set of related tasks which can be called management. The tasks required in an organization of the size of, say, I.C.I., with its rigid specialisms and highly organized bureaucracy, do not correspond with those involved in running a small family business. In between lie not merely variations according to scale but variations caused by different degrees of mechanization, trading conditions, labour requirements, and so on. Even within a single large firm there will not be uniform management tasks. Managers are normally specialists of various kinds who take decisions and co-ordinate actions in varying detail and scope. The common element in their activities is decision-making.

Decisions have to be executed through authority, influence, and persuasion; and it might be said that the only skill which can be safely taught as a management subject is how to handle people. But the technique of winning friends and influencing people does not constitute a vocation. It is a matter of controversy even among managers themselves as to what the technique is. Surely this at least should be made clear before anything is taught to expectant executives or gullible undergraduates.

The confusion which exists over defining what management is about is clearly reflected in the manner in which it is taught. Three main methods are used. The first is to draw on existing university courses which appear to have some affinity with what managers do. One finds a mixture of engineering, economic, and sociological subjects. The mixture varies between universities and in general reflects what the staffs can offer rather than what might be thought necessary for the subject. Anyone can devise a course, and who is to say it is inappropriate?

The second method is the group dynamics or T-group method. This, as developed by the American Kurt Lewin, is a non-directive teaching method. Students with no prior associations with each other, and without status designations, are formed into groups. There is no lecturer or leader and no instructions are given about how to conduct the group. The students can discuss only what they know. This may or may not be about management. Extravagant claims are made for group dynamics. It is said that the method reveals the structure and norms of groups and enables students to see and assess themselves in relation to others. Managers, it is said, go back to their jobs full of understanding. But understanding is not enough if the structure, and therefore industrial roles, remains unanalysed. Group dynamics is based on the assumption of natural harmony and, behind a façade of jargon, avoids all questions of substance.

The 'Simulated Real Group' Method

So does the third method which involves the use of simulated real groups. Students in this case are required to tackle genuine or fabricated cases as a substitute for actual experience. This method, unlike group dynamics, is not based on dubious psychology; it does provide students with information about particular problems and gives them experience in handling it. But it is not a substitute for learning. Group dynamics and the simulated real group method may together meet a teaching need but it is certainly not one which should be the concern of a university. No matter how well devised they are, teaching techniques cannot compensate for the deficiencies in the subject of management: though they can help to divert attention from those deficiencies. It is not fortuitous that often, when there is doubt about *what* to teach, there is an animated discussion about *how* to teach.

'Management studies' is a misnomer, for the subject is really management training. The word 'studies' gives it an unwarranted

status. Why, one may ask, should employers and managers want to use universities for training? And why should universities be so willing to lend their support?

The reason for the interest of employers and managers in universities is twofold. First, personnel managers are not the only business executives to have contact with labour. All line managers do. Ought not they to learn to understand workers in order to manipulate them better? An informed hierarchy of line managers might help to tighten and strengthen the authority of employers whose prerogatives are continually being challenged. Managers have to be trained to be informed. Secondly, the interest in management training coincided with an expansion of industry which made it necessary to recruit executives from outside the social class which hitherto had been the prime source of supply. The authority of the new managers, supported neither by ownership nor by birth, had to be secured by some other means. University training provides the ideal way, for it confers on management an important intellectual status and assists it in its claim for professional standing.

The attitude of universities is less easily explained. Universities which run management training schemes are helping to rationalize the present power structure in industry. They are, therefore, providing a service for the controlling élite. This is not an uncommon intellectual practice. Edmund Burke engaged in it when he defended British conservatism against the democrats; so did the classical economists of the nineteenth century when they constructed an economic theory round the notion of free private enterprise; so do many social scientists in various ways today. There always have been more academics who were willing to construct an intellectual apparatus in support of conventional wisdom than there were men who were prepared to oppose it.

A Departure from Tradition

The practice has not, in the main, been a dishonest one. Assumptions about human behaviour have been made which were considered valid or necessary or in some way justified; and on them broadly based analyses were logically constructed. The practice has usually possessed a core of intellectual discipline. It is in this respect that the university advocates of management training have departed from the tradition. They have supported a subject which is blatantly unacademic. Why they, who are so vigorous in defence of the intellectual rigours of their own disciplines, should do this is difficult to comprehend. Perhaps they do not recognize the subject's defects. Or perhaps the possibility of serving the country's centres of economic power is irresistibly attractive when compared with the task of investigating the underdog, the unemployed, the pathological case, a task which has so often been their lot. Everyone, including members of universities, likes to be acknowledged as being responsible, respectable, influential.

My criticisms have been directed only at management training in universities. In so far as managers can be trained it is desirable that they should be so through their firms and outside agencies such as technical colleges. I do not suggest, however, that universities should have nothing to do with the study of management. Such a course would be both futile and undesirable. University management courses are here to stay. What I do suggest is that something should be done to alter their substance and direction.

In the first place, it must be recognized by all social scientists that industrial behaviour as a whole must be studied if any part of it is to be properly understood. Given this recognition, priority must be given to research consisting of large-scale comparative studies, objectively conducted and prompted by a genuine eagerness to understand and explain. The results of such research would undoubtedly be of value to management, as they would be to trade unionists if either wished to use them. Eventually a sociology of industry would emerge which would stand in its own right as an academic discipline and which could be taught openly and honestly and usefully in our universities.—*Third Programme*

Another talk on this subject broadcast by Mr. J. H. Smith, Lecturer in Social Sciences at the London School of Economics, put forward a different view. The talk will appear in THE LISTENER next week

The King's Grace

The first of two talks by WALTER ULLMANN

THROUGHOUT the greater part of the medieval period the king was considered the source of the law, but when we go far enough back in recorded history, it will be seen that among the ancient tribes and peoples of Europe the king most decidedly did not occupy the position with which he was later credited. Here, among the primitive European peoples it was the tribe itself, the people or the popular assembly or the Ting, which for particular, mainly warlike, purposes elected a leader who had as much or as little power as the electing tribe or assembly had given him. This leader—he may be called king or duke, and so on, the name does not matter—was responsible to the people, and we can therefore readily understand why in ancient times this king could be deposed or resisted without great difficulty. What he was, he was by the will of those who had elected him. Law was not made by him alone, but by the popular assembly over which he presided. Metaphorically speaking, power resided below in the people itself and ascended: power rose from the bottom upwards, and we may therefore speak of an ascending conception of law and government.

From Merovingian times onwards, down to the end of the Middle Ages, it was not the ascending theme that held sway, but its descending counterpart: power came, again metaphorically speaking, from above and was transmitted or distributed downwards, so that whatever power lower-placed officers or organs had was eventually derived from above. The reason for this change can be accounted for in the influence of the Christian theme itself.

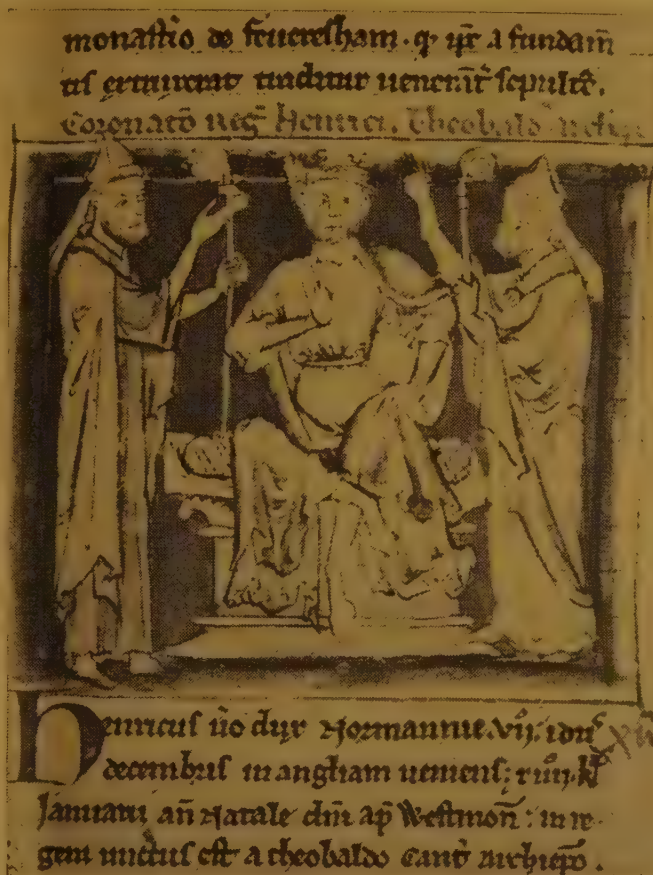
The king was no longer king by the will of the people, but by the grace of God, the *Rex Dei gratia*; which meant the introduction of the theme of divine grace as an essential element of medieval kingship. The king's office was a divine gift, a divine good deed, a divine grace; it was given to the king by divinity itself. Every statement in the Middle Ages had to be buttressed by an authority, and there was no stronger authority than the Bible. Christ's statement to Pilate was one of the most potent roots from which the theocratic conception of kingship grew: 'You would have no power at all over me, unless it were given to you from above'.

What did this theocratic conception really mean? In the first place; the people had nothing to do with the royal office; they had not created it, they had not given it, and could not therefore take it away. There was within this theocratic framework no right of resistance, because resistance to the divinely appointed king would have meant resistance to divinity itself. And we may perhaps recall what great difficulties medieval writers and political scientists had in suggesting what should be done with a king who had proved himself a tyrant. Secondly, the people, so far from giving any rights to the king, were within this theo-

cratic conception entrusted to the king. Perhaps nothing shows the relationship between king and people better than this terminology of the people's being committed or entrusted to the king's care just as today a minor is entrusted to the care of a guardian. The people might express a wish, they might indicate certain governmental measures to the king, but there was no legal right to force the king to fulfil the wishes of the people. The king acted in the interests of the people, and not necessarily in accordance with their wishes: what the people's interests were was determined by the king alone. Indeed, he might be approached by the people, but whether he acceded to their wishes was entirely left to him himself. It is therefore important to bear in mind that it was the interests of the people entrusted to the king's care, and not their wishes, which prompted the king to act. Often enough we read that the multitude was to be taught and not to be followed, otherwise the king would simply follow the insane and popular commotions. These are in fact statements made by a fifth-century pope and by Charlemagne's adviser on governmental matters in the late eighth century.

The king stood outside and above the people; he formed an estate of his own. The symbolic manifestation of this can be seen in the elevated position which the king always took up, sitting on his throne. The statement that the king can do no wrong—that no writ runs against the king—has its roots in these theocratic conceptions. Similarly, the king has no superior: there was nobody who could sit in judgment over the king. He was the vicar of God on earth. Furthermore, the king a king, that is, grace, was transmitted downwards. Hence we read in the thousands of royal charters that the king had conceded this or that right, and this element of concession pervaded all royal actions. The very concept of a concession excluded a right to the thing conceded. Even to this day the old language has persisted. We still read that 'the Queen has graciously consented to . . .' and this graciousness of the Queen is a persuasive reminder of the medieval past when laws and rights and so forth were conceded as a matter of grace by the king. It was the king alone who gave or granted laws and rights to his subjects. They were in a literal sense subjected to the will of the king. This will of the king—the *voluntas principis*—was what produced the law, because he alone was the recipient of divine grace in the shape of his rulership. Indeed, the king is set over the people, or as the phrase also ran, *supra populum*, and this superiority was in fact nothing else but what in the medieval period was called *superioritas*, whence is derived *soveranitas* or the modern sovereignty.

Nevertheless, a full appreciation of the status of the medieval king can only be obtained if one takes into account the real



The Coronation of Henry II, one of the illustrations in the *Flores Historiarum*, a chronicle of events in English history of which a substantial part was written by Matthew Paris in the thirteenth century. One of the two bishops represents Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury

Peoffees of Chetham's Hospital and Library, Manchester

meaning of the coronation service. Its central part was formed by the anointing of the king: it was this which, so it was held, transformed the whole being of the king, lifted him out of ordinary men, making him in a visible and concrete manner the recipient of divine grace. And in the unction chrism, the most potent of the liturgical oils was used, and it was administered on the vertex of the king's head to symbolize headship. Down to the thirteenth century the regnal years of the king did not begin with his actual accession, but with the day of his coronation. When we take into account the great help which this theme derived from the medieval exposition of the Roman law, it will not be too difficult to realize that the king was very much the personified law, the earthly representative of divinity.

Feudal Lord

However, we have not yet fully assessed the scope of medieval kingship. In addition to the pure theocratic nature of kingship, every medieval king, at least in western Europe, was also a feudal lord, and this feudal side stood in somewhat sharp contrast to the theocratic side. In his feudal functions the king was by no means as free as his theocratic function allowed him to be. Far from standing outside and above the people entrusted to him, far from forming an estate of his own, far from his will constituting the force of law, the feudal side of his kingship meant that by virtue of the contractual nature of the feudal ties, the king had rights and duties, just as his tenants-in-chief had them; and for purposes of government and for the making of the laws the king had to proceed by consultation and agreement. In his feudal functions the king was part of the feudal community. Law was therefore a joint effort, and because law was a joint effort, both king and barons were bound by it. Within the theocratic framework the law was granted by the sovereign will of the king; within the feudal framework the law was made jointly by both king and barons. If we look at the medieval king in this way, he may well be said to represent an irreconcilable dichotomy within himself, a dichotomy which brooked no compromise.

The development of the constitution in a kingdom very much depended on whether the theocratic or the feudal side obtained the upper hand. Any king worth his salt naturally tried to stress his theocratic function and to whittle down his feudal functions. The more skilful the king was, the more ingenuity he showed, the greater acumen he displayed in avoiding the antagonism of his feudal counsellors; or, conversely, the less alert, the less vigilant the counsellors were, the better the king could play on his theocratic keyboard and could produce sometimes dazzling effects. But what needs emphasizing in all this is that despite all the acrimonious and bitter resistance to the king by the baronage, there was never anything even faintly suggesting republicanism. You could and did go merrily against the feudal king, because here you moved within the terms of the law, however flexible and elusive this feudal law might well have been; but to go against the theocratic king, against the vicar of God, was a different matter.

The developments in England and France in the medieval period clearly portray the respective strength of the feudal and the theocratic sides of kingship. In medieval England kingship was for a number of reasons ostensibly tilted towards the feudal side. From John's reign onwards, or, to be more precise, from Magna Carta onwards, there was little hope of maintaining a fully-fledged theocratic kingship. John was, so to speak, fetched back into the feudal mould, from which to all intents and purposes he was on the best way to escape. This emphasis on the feudal side of English kingship also largely explains why Roman law exercised so little influence in England.

A Blood-stained Road

On the other hand, in France we witness the concomitant strengthening of the theocratic functions of the king and the simultaneous decrease of his feudal functions. The emergence of a Louis XIV in France was no historical freak; nor was the absence of a Louis XIV in England a mere coincidence. The road leading to constitutionalism from the theocratic starting point is blood-stained and signposted by revolutions and upheavals. Conversely, the road leading to constitutionalism from the feudal

starting point is characterized by the working of a cumbersome machinery, by the slow making of the law—in short, not by revolution, but by steady evolution. That indeed is the difference in development between England and France. Here in England there was the emphasis on the feudal side which meant team-work between king and barons, which meant that law was a joint effort, that law was made and was not given; and because law was a joint effort, it was binding on both king and barons; it was the law common to king and barons. The king in parliament is the end of the long road leading from the amorphous feudal state to constitutional monarchy.

Bracton's famous statement that the king was under God and under the law, can be understood only from the feudal aspect of English kingship. In France, on the other hand, where the theocratic side was so much stressed at the expense of its feudal counterpart, we witness the development towards a full-blooded royal absolutism—already in the thirteenth century Bracton's contemporary, Beaumanoir, tells us that what pleases the king has the force of law. The respective developments in England and France would beyond doubt demonstrate the respective strength of feudal and theocratic kingship. In the one country, in England, there was evolution derived from all the potentialities inherent in the feudal machinery. It was the practical implementation of feudal principles. This medieval English feudalism showed extraordinary resilience, vitality, and flexibility: it was a working arrangement of an intensely practical kind, little burdened by the incubus of first principles, of dogmas, of Authority. It reduced the theocratic functions of the king to a tolerable degree and clipped his theocratic wings. In France there was in the end revolution against the theocracy of a king, a theocracy which manifested all the paraphernalia of a logically flawless speculation, but, because it was nothing else than speculation, it had no strong roots in the native soil which only feudalism could supply. Are not the legal and governmental systems and to a certain extent also the social systems of present-day England and France strong reminders of the historic past? Is not the respective historical development, to this day, rather clearly and perhaps uncomfortably clearly mirrored in the political structure of England and France? One speculative system can easily be supplanted by another; a native-born system, with its deep roots down in the native soil, a practical and mundane arrangement, such as feudalism was, shows incomparably greater strength than any speculative theory could ever hope to achieve.—*Third Programme*

London and the Outbreak of the Puritan Revolution by Valerie Pearl (Oxford, 42s.) discusses how far the government of the city and its citizens contributed to the coming of the English Civil War and how much they helped in providing the sinews of war for the Parliamentary side.

Patients in a Public Ward

Like children now, bed close to bed,
With flowers set up where toys would be
In real childhoods, secretly
We cherish each our own disease,
And when we talk we talk to please
Ourselves that still we are not dead.

All is kept safe—the healthy world
Held at a distance, on a rope,
Where human things like hate and hope
Persist. The world we know is full
Of things we need, unbeautiful
And yet desired—a glass to hold

And sip, a cube of ice, a pill
To help us sleep. Yet in this warm
And sealed-off nest, the least alarm
Speaks clear of death. Our fears grow wide;
There are no places left to hide
And no more peace in lying still.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

A Day in the Life of the American Viewer

By KENNETH ADAM, Director of Television Broadcasting, B.B.C.

WHAT I am going to describe is not exactly typical of viewing experience in the United States, because although I saw programmes in other cities, I did my serious viewing in New York and Connecticut, spread over three weeks and nine channels. By 'serious', I hasten to add, I mean prolonged as opposed to casual periods. I did this because, I was told, vast numbers of Americans have the habit of keeping the set turned on for hours at a time. And by untypical, I mean that nowhere else in the States is there such a variety of channels from which to choose. Outside the few largest areas of population, the ninety per cent. of Americans who now have television have no more choice than in this country at the present time: in many places, even less. A B.B.C. colleague remembers that in 1953 he took part in the opening programme of a station in Arizona. It was the first television station in a huge area, and attracted a great deal of interest. On his most recent visit, a month ago, he found, to his surprise, that it was still the only television station in this market, and that its owner was very happy that it should remain so since he had advertisers queuing to buy time from him, and all three networks striving to sell programmes to him. It is not only in Texas that one may sit on an oil-well. However, though I had more channels among which to move than the average viewer, it soon became clear that I had no more variety. What I had was more of the same. I was able to observe, more closely than would have been possible elsewhere, the 'carbon-copy psychosis' of which Mr. David Susskind has lately spoken.

For the sake of simplicity, because the channels were many and the hours were long, I choose to describe one day only, a typical weekday, a Monday. Soon after 6.0 a.m., as the earliest commuters were turning out of Grand Central Station far below my window, two stations offered me religion; this was of an evangelistic character, and was suitably described, in both cases, as a 'sermonette'. At 6.30, I was startled to find myself plunged into advanced education, of a most formal and forbidding kind. This was called 'Sunrise Semester', and the subject was English society in the time of Thackeray. A flip of the switch revealed that the other channel offered even less concession to an early-morning mood. Here was 'Computer Age Math', with the Head of Math at Boston University making his debut as what is known as a 'teleprof'. These pre-breakfast seminars, it is claimed, attract a substantial and faithful following among teachers and university students. One English visitor, despite a built-in bias for educational broadcasting, found these 'wake-up, take-it-up' programmes hard biscuit. Still, they swell the statistics of public-service programmes at very small cost. About 7.0 a.m. more channels opened up with a 'Call to Prayer' and a 'Moment of Comfort', and followed with cartoons, business reports, and P.T. in a most enjoyable frenzy. Also at this time there began one of the marathons of U.S. television, the two-hour Dave Garro-way Show, in which an amiable, owlish, elderly individual of that name rambles through a series of interviews, anecdotes, musical

interludes, current affairs discussions, and backchat with assistants, looking for all the world like a schoolmaster who is never sure what his class is going to be up to next. It seems to be planned in a deliberately non-compulsive way, to fit in with breakfast and family departures, and yet it has become a coast-to-coast institution; everyone wants to be seen on it, and in one week Mr. Garro-way's guests will include Russell Big Chief Moore and the Dixieland Jazz Quartet, Dr. James Conant ('state of the American educational system' in under five minutes), Dr. Arnold Toynbee ('aspects of American history' in six minutes flat), and the Muppet Puppet Show.

It is while watching this programme that a viewer from across the Atlantic notices, and marvels at, the sang-froid of television personalities in certain situations which often recur and which are inseparable from the system. One morning I had been watching Garro-way conduct, with the help of an expert and some simple visual aids, a gentle but searching inquiry into quack cures for cancer. This was interrupted by a 'hardsell' commercial for a weight-reducing patent medicine. Another day the leading man, who had put himself forward as if he was there and then in the studio, signed off for a commercial break, to be succeeded with no break, by himself saying: 'That was

Dave Garro-way recorded: this is Dave Garro-way live. In view of the crisis, I shan't be doing what I said I should be doing today until tomorrow. . .'. One begins to think perhaps one ought to have taken 'Computer Age Math' after all. A programme that is live, incidentally, is so rare that it rates description as such in *TV Guide*, the invaluable equivalent to *Radio Times*.

While this charming imperturbable potters through his 120 minutes, more stations are coming up, usually with a strong appeal to children or to families. Nine o'clock sees the start of the movies which will occupy one or other channel until 2.30 the next morning. But there is a difference between these movies and those screened later. It was explained to me as follows: 'Later on we need an audience; right now the screen has to be kept alive. Later on, we do it with very old movies; now we fill it with dead ones'. The same time also sees the beginning of the 're-runs' of old series, especially comedies like 'I Married Joan', and 'I Love Lucy', both of whom were still on duty this Monday morning. These re-runs are very profitable to the owners of the series; indeed, in many cases, this is where the big money is made. The prevalence of comedy was explained to me as important in getting housewives not to worry. 'If they worry, they won't buy. They can weep in the afternoon'.

Weather, traffic, and transport reports, a model of clarity and a valuable local service, and news bulletins are plentiful about this time, too. The news is chatty, largely local, and startlingly identified with a sponsor. This association will go on all day and will remain one of the least acceptable features of American television to any English viewer. The ordinary American accepts it without question; it was hard to find anyone who thought that pressures might be brought, and the possibility of downright



'The prevalence of comedy [in the mornings] was explained to me as important in getting housewives not to worry. "If they worry, they won't buy. They can weep in the afternoon"'

corruption of news values was pooh-poohed as utterly alarmist. Some naïve current affairs programmes also appear at this time of day. I quote from my note of one in which two men sat side by side solemnly facing the camera in attitudes of stiffening relaxation: 'One thing we gotta face about Nikita, Joe'. 'O.K., let's face it, Bob'.

In the middle of the morning the youngest children are taken care of in a show called 'Romper Room' ('Live: 60 min.') which is everything its title might lead one to expect. This Monday, there was much singing of national songs and saluting of the Stars and Stripes. This was directed by an enchanting and persuasive young woman who all but had me marching round my hotel bedroom and saluting Old Glory too. Even in so highly moral and patriotic a programme, however, political dynamite may lurk. After an edition in Washington in which a Negro child had appeared taking part in a game, dozens of angry mothers in Virginia rang up to declare they would never allow their kiddies to watch that programme again. Little Rock dies hard.

At noon we get some education, and this time *TV Guide* leaves us in no doubt. 'RED CHINA: EDUCATION', we read. And we also get the first of the Westerns which will be with us for the rest of the day. N.B.C. goes into colour, rather overbright but it makes a nice change. Dr. Joyce Brothers, who will appear again twelve hours later, addresses us ('live') on the topic: 'What can a man do about the excuses his wife gives when he wants to make love?' My note here reads: 'Eat'. I cannot remember now if the imperative was Dr. Brothers's or my own. I do know that I did, and so missed the beginning of the soap-opera or weepie belt. I was back in time, however, for 'Young Dr. Malone. Lionel receives appalling news. Live'. In the wasteland of half-hour dramas, a very simple magazine programme called 'Houseparty', reminiscent of the sort of thing women's programmes were doing over here five years ago, shines out because it was fresh and genuine. Westerners are now in full chase, and in some of the more sophisticated bars in Eighth Avenue, finger-happy customers switch from one to another, gambling on how long the next killing will be, and of how many.

A note reminds me that about this time a baking powder was recommended as being 'yummy for the tummy'. Most American commercials are either of such winning simplicity, or else very imperious indeed. 'Buy!', 'Watch!', 'Don't Miss', 'Go!' At tea-time a pleasant break for music, so far almost entirely absent from the screen, is called 'American Bandstand'. This runs on day after day; one station takes ninety minutes off the tape, another sixty, and so on. The major stations pay little attention to children at this time, and drive through to prime time with more movies. The 'independents' make more gestures in the younger direction, often with cartoons, of which there seem an unending supply. Between 6.0 p.m. and 7.0 p.m. the emphasis is on local news, sport, and weather, the latter in the hands often of personable young women with meteorology clearly at their fingertips.

National news and comment follow; and here one pays tribute to the most exciting quarter-hour of the day, the long, long day. This is the Huntley-Brinkley report, given by two laconic young newscasters, virtually unknown until last year's Convention reports, one of whom is in New York, the other in Washington. They

throw the news back and forth, with comments and illustrations, as though it were a football, sardonically but always informationally. They even survive the sponsor's breaks without loss of humour or dignity. This is a new style for U.S. television. It is sophisticated, responsible, and extremely popular. Men get home for Huntley and Brinkley at 6.45 p.m. as they get home in England for Michelmore at 6.50. They are a phenomenon; who knows, perhaps a portent? At 7 o'clock the choice is between a movie, a Western, two adventure series, a cartoon, a Bilko rerun, and two newscasts.

As prime time becomes primer, the pattern solidifies. Thereafter, the viewer who by now has got his second wind looks for novelty in vain, and almost prays for a crisis when one or other of the networks will put up a half-hour current affairs 'special'. By 9 o'clock we are in the real badlands. The violence becomes

more violent. One night, a Sunday in fact, not a Monday, I saw a Western with a rape scene leaving little to the imagination, followed by a modern 'action-adventure' with a beating up of the heroine that left nothing to it. One looks for comedy to escape such company, and finds little of it, until the Jack Paar Show arrives, in colour, at 11.15 p.m. The formula is much the same as Garroway's, and goes on for almost as long. Paar has become an institution, too. He is a cross between Gilbert Harding and John Freeman—Harding in his more irascible mood, and Freeman when he is making people say more than they intended. People say: 'I hate Paar', but they watch him, night after night, and into the night.

My New York Monday has become Tuesday, and ends with movies and more movies, and in the small hours an ancient British film

when all our Knights were striplings and all our Dames were maidens takes on a strange Dunne-like quality. Dr. Brothers, who this time has chosen a less stimulating subject: 'What are the differences in male and female reading choices?' lulls me to sleep with the set still on.

Looking back, I enjoyed my exposure to the 'premier mass medium' more than I expected, especially in the daytime. I felt, anyway, with Brooks Atkinson, veteran critic of *The New York Times*: 'Who am I to denounce television? I watch it too much'. On the other hand, when I told an attorney friend I thought the programmes better than I had been led to believe, he said: 'That may well be; they had no place to go but up'.

A fourth article by Mr. Adam will be published in a future number of THE LISTENER. Previous articles appeared on June 8 and 22.

The Independent Press has published, each at 1s. 3d., three broadcasts from 'Lift Up Your Hearts' (Home Service): *Passion and Compassion* by John Wren-Lewis, *Creative Conversations* by A. E. Gould, and *These Men Translated the Bible* by A. M. Chirgwin.

The Lights on the Water

The drowned know the sea is wounded
In fame only, when those lights slash
Across the stillness of the port:
Within its honoured depths they taste
The salt of after-action's quiet.

MARTIN SEYMOUR-SMITH



'Westerns are now in full chase, and in some of the more sophisticated bars on Eighth Avenue, finger-happy customers switch from one to another, gambling on how long the next killing will be, and of how many'

Risks in Reporting Foreign Trials

By D. R. HARRIS

IN 1950 there was a sensational murder trial at the Old Bailey, in which the accused was alleged to have sawn up the body of his victim, wrapping the limbs in parcels which he then dropped from an aeroplane over some marshes. The jury failed to agree on a verdict at the first trial, but subsequently the accused pleaded guilty to being an accessory after the fact to the murder, and was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment. On the charge of murder itself, the jury returned a formal verdict of Not Guilty. This rather sordid case led last year to an interesting sequel affecting the legal position of a newspaper reporting a trial before a foreign court¹.

The libel action arose in this way. The man accused of murder in 1950, having been released from prison after eight years, was again sought by the English police on fresh charges of attempted murder and armed robbery alleged to have been committed in England after his release. He was, however, arrested in Switzerland and tried by a Swiss court on yet further charges of murder, attempted murder, and armed robbery alleged to have been committed in Switzerland.

In the course of the Swiss trial, the accused openly admitted his previous criminal activities in England. According to the report which appeared in *The Times*, he told the Swiss court 'that he robbed the Midland Bank in Brentford, London, and shot a clerk'. He also admitted that he was guilty of the murder of which he had been acquitted in his earlier trial in England. He said that he killed the victim, a man named Stanley Setty, out of jealousy, and sawed off his limbs, making them into parcels to be dropped from an aeroplane. *The Times* report continued with the sentence which was the basis of the subsequent libel action: 'Asked if he was married and had a child, [the accused] replied, "Yes, but it was not mine. The father was Stanley Setty"'. A Mrs. Webb, the former wife of the accused, thereupon sued the Times Publishing Company. She claimed that this sentence meant that she had committed adultery and also perjury, since at the 1950 trial of the accused she had sworn that she had never met Setty in her life.

The Law and Personal Reputation

The libel action came before the court on a preliminary point of law, which is of great interest to newspapers and their readers¹. *The Times* claimed that a special defence known as 'privilege' protected them from liability for any defamatory statement contained in the report of the Swiss trial. By English law it is usually no defence to action for libel or slander that the defendant simply repeated, by way of hearsay, what another person had said. If I say 'Jones told me that Smith is a thief', it is no defence for me to prove that Jones in fact said this: I must go further and prove the truth of the statement that Smith is a thief. In general, this is a sound rule, since I ought not to rely implicitly on the accuracy of the original speaker. He may have been mistaken, malicious, insane, or even drunk when he uttered the defamatory words. By repeating the statement I am giving it some further weight and credibility, as well as wider publicity. The law, in making me liable for repeating it, is leaning in favour of protecting a person's reputation.

But life would be difficult if no report could ever be given of another's statement without running the risk of paying damages. Freedom from the law of defamation has, for some centuries, been given to statements made on what the law calls 'privileged occasions'; that is, occasions when public policy requires that a man should not be subject to the strict rules of defamation. So, a witness giving evidence in court, or a Member of Parliament speaking in the House of Commons, is not liable for a defamatory statement. This special defence of privilege has been extended to protect reports of certain statements made by other people. The most usual instances of 'privileged' reports

are reports of proceedings in Parliament or before English courts of law. Every day our newspapers contain such reports, and though this information may injure the reputations of individuals, the newspaper is protected from liability provided the report is fair, accurate, and published contemporaneously with the proceedings². In 1952 privilege was extended by statute to cover reports of public proceedings of parliaments, courts, and public inquiries throughout any part of Her Majesty's Dominions outside Great Britain; it was also extended to reports of proceedings of international courts and international conferences³. But no statute has extended privilege to reports of the proceedings of foreign courts, which was the point at issue in the *Webb* case⁴.

Striking a Balance

In the absence of any statutory provision, Pearson J. had to consider whether the common law recognized such a privilege; that is, whether the principles laid down in previous cases by the judges were wide enough to apply. The judges have permitted the defence of qualified privilege in order to protect certain statements 'for the common convenience and welfare of society'⁵. In one case it was said that 'it is in the public interest that persons should be allowed to speak freely on occasion . . .'⁶, that is, without incurring liability, provided they act in good faith. The law must strike a balance between the interest of the public in receiving certain information, and the interests of the individual whose reputation is impugned. The defence of privilege applies to those situations in which the law considers that this public interest outweighs the interests of the individual. For instance, if I am under a social or moral duty to pass on information to another person, I am not liable when I act honestly even though the information proves to be false and defamatory. So if an employer asks me for a reference as to the character of my former employee, I am not liable for a defamatory reply, provided I honestly believe in its truth. Similarly, if I warn my daughter against a boy-friend, I am not liable even if it turns out that my suspicions were ill-founded.

However, the defence of qualified privilege is not absolute. It is called 'qualified' because if the defendant is inspired by malice or personal spite directed against the plaintiff the protection is lost. In this way the balance is struck between the competing interests of the parties.

The occasions covered by qualified privilege have been gradually increased over the years, as the judges considered the different circumstances of actual disputes. Indeed, upon this defence depend important aspects of the freedom of speech and freedom of the press which we enjoy. Privilege has been extended to newspaper reports of various tribunals outside the hierarchy of the ordinary courts, such as reports of the proceedings of the General Medical Council, in which the name of a medical practitioner is removed from the register on the ground of his professional misconduct⁷.

Rejection of a 'Blanket' Privilege

But the strange thing is that until last year no English court had been called upon to decide whether a report of a foreign trial was entitled to any privilege. In the case last year¹, it was argued that English law should give complete protection to any report of judicial proceedings in any foreign country, but Pearson J. rejected such a 'blanket' privilege. He said that the English public could not have a genuine interest in some trivial and purely personal dispute in a minor court on the other side of the world. One fact which weighed with the judge was the great difference between English criminal procedure and that of some foreign systems, under which the accused person may be

(concluded on page 60)

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

July 5-11

Wednesday, July 5

About eighty people are killed and more than 200 injured in disorders during a twenty-four-hour general strike of Moslem workers in Algeria

The Federal German Republic decides to join Britain and France in a European space programme of developing rockets for peaceful purposes

The Queen confers an earldom on Sir Anthony Eden, the former British Prime Minister

Thursday, July 6

The East German parliament approves a plan for the reunification of Germany, including free elections

Mr. Khrushchev announces that Russia and North Korea have signed a defence treaty

Friday, July 7

The Soviet Union vetoes Britain's resolution in the U.N. Security Council calling on all countries to respect Kuwait's independence

British Transport Commission asks Parliament for another £27,000,000 to cover this year's losses on British Railways

R. Laver of Australia wins the men's lawn tennis singles at Wimbledon

Saturday, July 8

Mr. Khrushchev announces that Russia is to suspend the planned reduction in her armed forces and will spend a third more on defence

Sunday, July 9

Mr. Kaunda, leader of N. Rhodesian United National Independence Party, asks his followers for powers to wage a non-violent campaign 'to strike at the foundations of the British Government'

The British Government suspends facilities granted to the U.N. Committee on S.W. Africa to visit the Protectorate of Bechuanaland following the Committee's refusal to give an undertaking not to enter S.W. Africa from the Protectorate

147 people killed in a fire in the Portuguese liner 'Save' after running aground in Mozambique

Monday, July 10

President Kennedy orders a review of the U.S. defence programme

Discussions in Canberra between Mr. Duncan Sandys, Secretary for Commonwealth Relations, and the Australian Cabinet, on Britain and the Common Market, are prolonged owing to differences of opinion

Tuesday, July 11

Major Yuri Gagarin, the Russian astronaut, is given a warm welcome by London, at the start of a short visit to Britain

Australian Government says that Britain should not join the Common Market at the expense of Commonwealth trade

Admiralty civil servant charged at Bath under the Official Secrets Act

Mr. Ernest Hemingway died at his home in Ketchum, near Sun Valley, Idaho, on July 2 and not as stated last week on this page in New York.



A Russian helicopter called the 'Flying Crane' lifting a prefabricated house during an air display at Tushino airfield near Moscow on July 9. The display included a number of types of aircraft which were seen by Western observers for the first time



The Duke and Duchess of Kent, who have just returned from their honeymoon in Majorca, being welcomed by the people of Iwer, Buckinghamshire, last Saturday



Watching the Russian air display arrived in London this week and, ri

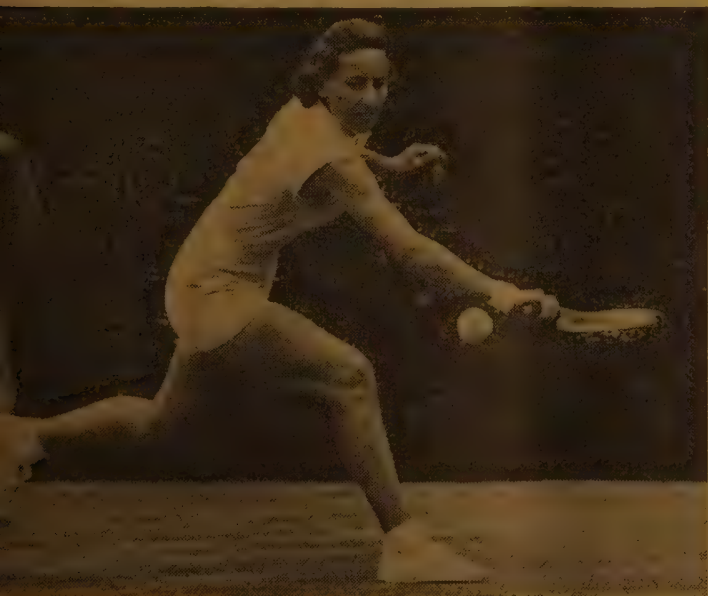




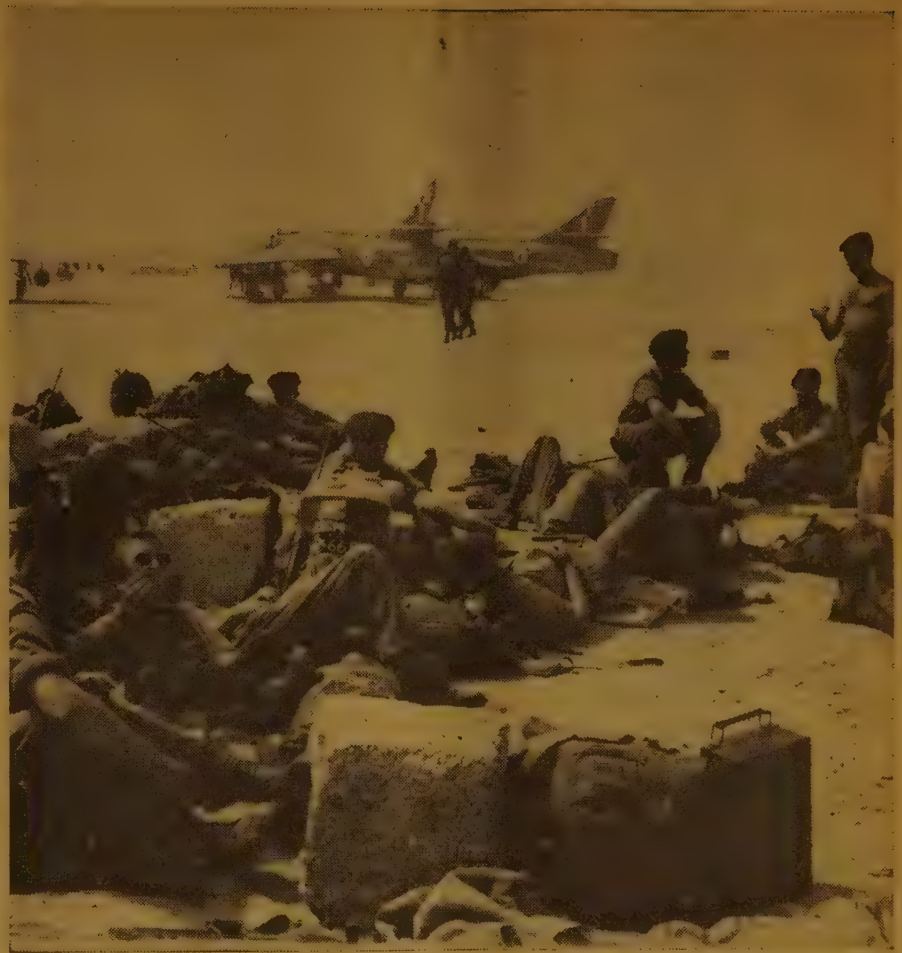
Khrushchev, and behind him, Major Gagarin, the Russian astronaut, who visited. On the left is Marshal Malinovsky, Soviet Minister of Defence, and on the right is Khrushchev, leader of the Bulgarian Communist party



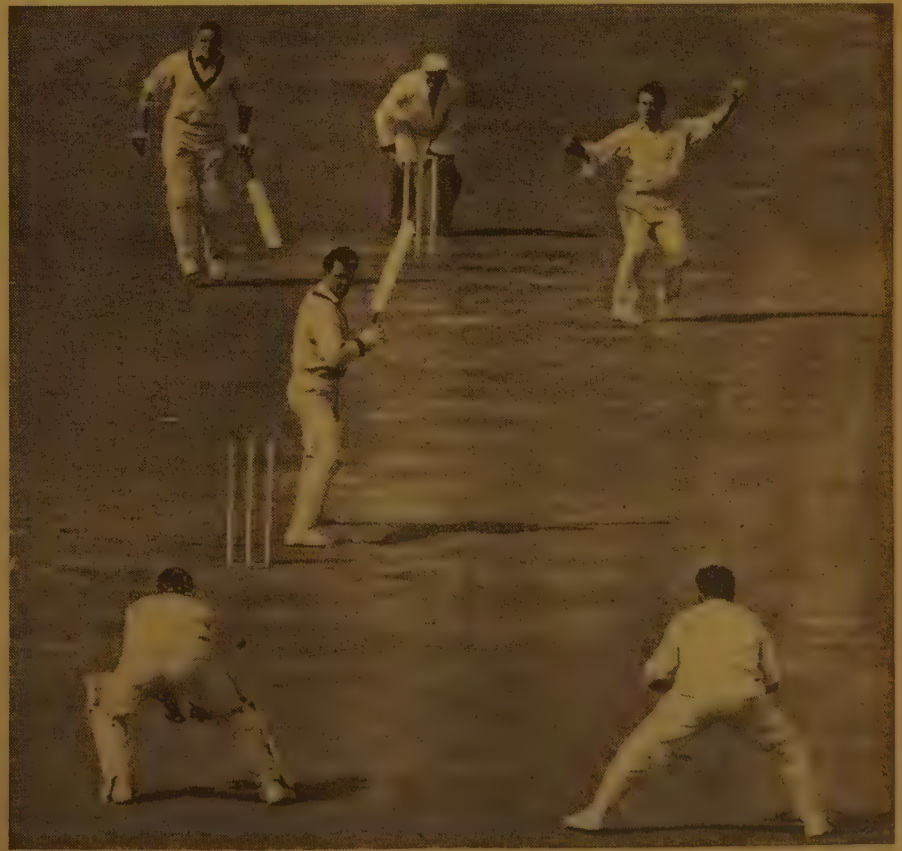
Members of the Central Sport Club of the Russian Navy (foreground) winning the Challenge Cup at Henley Royal Regatta on July 8. They beat the British club, Leander, by a length



Miss Mortimer playing against Christine Truman, both of Great Britain, in the ladies' singles in the lawn tennis championships at Wimbledon last Saturday. Miss Mortimer won 4-6, 6-4, 7-5



Men of the 45th Royal Marine Commandos on arrival at Farwania airfield, Kuwait, last week as the build-up of British forces there, in response to a request for support from the Ruler, was being completed. In the desert, where temperatures rise to 120 degrees in the shade, there have been many cases of men being exhausted by the heat



R. B. Simpson of Australia bowled by F. S. Trueman for 3 last Saturday in the third Test match at Leeds. Trueman took eleven wickets for 88 runs and England won the match by eight wickets

(concluded from page 57)

questioned about his whole life, including his past offences. The inquiry at a foreign trial might range over a wide field, and there was therefore a greater risk than in England that third persons might suffer. Again, the judge suggested the possibility that a foreign government might stage a propaganda trial, in which the characters of enemies of the government might be deliberately defamed. For these reasons, he decided against any privilege protecting reports of foreign trials in general.

Nevertheless, he upheld a more limited privilege for such reports. He decided that the particular trial must be examined, to see whether the English public had a proper interest in knowing the details. If it was in the public interest that some foreign judicial proceeding should be reported in the English newspapers, he considered this an occasion of qualified privilege. Consequently, the newspaper would not be liable where the report was fair and accurate, no matter how erroneous was the evidence given to the foreign court. Only malice on the part of the editor or journalist would destroy the defence.

A Proper Interest

Turning to the circumstances of the particular Swiss trial, the judge found many reasons why the English public had a proper interest in being told the details. First, the man accused in the Swiss court was a British subject. Secondly, during the trial the accused had confessed that he had committed a murder of which he had been found not guilty in England. This, of course, was a fact of some significance to anyone interested in the administration of justice in England. Finally, the accused had admitted his guilt of further serious offences committed in England after his release from prison. The judge therefore concluded that the report of this Swiss trial was privileged, since many factors were referable to British justice.

Qualified privilege normally extends only to matters relevant to the privileged occasion. At first sight the assertion reported in *The Times* that the father of the plaintiff's child was Stanley Setty was not relevant to any of the matters held to be of public interest in England. But this statement was in fact relevant to the confession of the accused, since the report had previously said: 'He also admitted killing Stanley Setty out of jealousy'. The allegation that Setty was the father of the child was the accused's explanation of his jealousy. This may not have been his actual motive in committing the murder, but since it was his declared motive, it was sufficiently relevant to his confession to be covered by qualified privilege. However, this question of relevance may mean that an English newspaper reporting a foreign trial would be unable to claim privilege for a report of a slanderous aside volunteered by a witness in the course of his evidence.

The Eichmann trial now in progress in Israel is an excellent example by which to test the principles laid down in the recent decision. Apart from the Nuremberg Tribunal, no foreign trial has ever received such wide publicity in English newspapers. The reports of the evidence given to the Eichmann court have frequently referred by name to particular individuals. Would these reports fall within the privileged category? One sentence in the judgment in the

Webb case, when the judge was discussing the type of foreign case in which Englishmen would have a legitimate interest, seems almost prophetic in this respect. He said: 'Sometimes a report of foreign judicial proceedings will have intrinsic world-wide importance, so that a reasonable man in any civilized country, wishing to be well informed, will be glad to read it, and would think he ought to read it if he has the time available'.

Trial of World-wide Importance

No better example than the Eichmann trial could be found of a trial of world-wide importance. The activities of the Nazi regime, against whom the United Kingdom waged a long war, are obviously of vital interest here. Furthermore, Eichmann is being charged with war crimes on the basis of the Nuremberg principles, and any intelligent Englishman will be interested to see how the developing principles of international criminal law are applied to Eichmann. The evidence tendered by the prosecution in the Eichmann trial has ranged over a wide field. Some of the evidence given by witnesses on incidental matters could well fall outside the category of matters of public interest in England, and thus not be covered by privilege if reported in the English press. The Eichmann trial also raises the question of a news film shown on television or at a cinema in England. The trial is being filmed in Israel and extracts of the film shown in England. The same defence of qualified privilege will no doubt apply to such a film, and to the spoken commentary accompanying the film.

It is easy to imagine foreign trials in which the English public might be held to have no proper interest. The details of a divorce case between two unknown foreigners in a foreign country would not normally be covered; but what about a report of a divorce hearing in California involving famous film stars? Again, is it a legitimate and proper interest of the English public to know the details of the private lives of public figures in foreign countries? Suppose a Cabinet Minister of a foreign country is charged with cruelty to animals: could the case be reported in the English press with virtual immunity from the law of libel because of the defence of privilege? These, and many other similar problems, must await decisions in future cases before the English courts.

The Public and Fair Information

The *Webb* case raises wider issues than the privilege to be given to reports of foreign trials. By the Defamation Act 1952, statutory privilege is accorded to newspaper reports of public proceedings of an international conference as well as of an international court.¹ But Pearson J. thought that there should be a broad category of privilege when the defendant published 'fair information on a matter of public interest'.² This would go well beyond the existing scope of privilege. For instance, a report of a public speech made by a politician in a foreign country would often be 'fair information on a matter of public interest' in England. Of course the courts would need to decide, on the particular facts of each case, whether the subject-matter of the report was a matter in which the public, as the judge put it, had 'a legitimate and proper interest as contrasted with an interest which is due to idle curiosity or a desire for gossip'.³

If this wide defence is accepted by English law, it will be interesting to see where the courts will draw the line between 'proper interest' and 'idle curiosity'. The courts would not be exercising any censorship in the ordinary sense of the term, since a newspaper may publish anything if it is prepared to run the risk of a subsequent libel action. But the law would undoubtedly be encouraging reports of certain foreign events by giving the reports the benefit of the special defence in defamation. Most newspaper readers would support the wide extension of privilege suggested by the judge—for instance, the English press ought to be privileged in reporting the debates of foreign parliaments, even though individuals may be slandered in the debates. Similarly, if the dictator of a foreign state during a press conference attacks certain individuals by name, surely the English public is entitled to read proper reports of the attack in its newspapers. It may be that in such situations justice will be attained only by a rule which requires the English newspaper to publish a rejoinder or contradiction by the person attacked in the reported speech.⁴

Forerunner of Other Libel Actions?

The *Webb* case may be the forerunner of other similar libel actions against English newspapers, since newspapers usually have ample resources to pay any damages awarded against them. The recent decision does not solve all the legal problems arising from newspaper reports of foreign trials or of foreign affairs in general. Will English judges, by extending the defence of privilege, encourage such reports, or will they favour the protection of individual reputations? The answer will depend on the discretion of the judges and their view of public policy. But, when foreign news increasingly demands our interest and concern, we may hope that the courts will not place narrow limits on the privilege laid down in the *Webb* case.

—Third Programme

¹*Webb v. Times Publishing Co. Ltd.* [1960] 2 Q.B.535

²*Watson v. Walter* (1868) L.R.4 Q.B.73 (Parliamentary proceedings); Law of Libel Amendment Act, 1888, section 3 (as amended by the Defamation Act, 1952, section 8) (judicial proceedings).

³Defamation Act, 1952, section 7 and Part I of the Schedule.

⁴*cf. The Report of the Committee on the Law of Defamation*, 1948 (Cmd. 7536), paragraphs 106-108.

⁵*Toogood v. Spyring* (1834) 1 C.M. & R.181, at p.193, per Parke B.

⁶*Gerhold v. Baker* [1918] W.N. 368, at p.369, per Bankes L.J.

⁷*Albutt v. General Council of Medical Education and Registration* (1889) 23 Q.B.D.400.

⁸*Webb v. Times Publishing Co. Ltd.* [1960] 2 Q.B.535, at p.570.

⁹Section 7, and Part I of the Schedule, paragraph 2.

¹⁰*Webb v. Times Publishing Co. Ltd.* [1960] 2 Q.B.535, at p.565.

¹¹*Ibid.* at p.569.

¹²*cf. Defamation Act, 1952, section 7, and Part II of the Schedule.*

Ronald Hingley, to whom many B.B.C. listeners owe their first steps in the Russian language, is also a sympathetic, though far from glib, traveller in the Soviet Union. *Under Soviet Skies* (Hamish Hamilton, 21s.) is a lively, readable, human description of how the ordinary Soviet man and woman live and think, of their relations to authority, and the effect on them of the peculiar nature of the Soviet regime. There is no better guide for the tourist about to set off for the Soviet Union than that provided by the last two chapters of Mr. Hingley's book. L. S.

The Intellectual's Dilemma under Communism

The testimony of a Rumanian writer

THE DILEMMA FACING writers and other intellectuals behind the Iron Curtain who desire to keep their integrity is the subject of an article in the latest issue of *Forum Service* (June 24), which—published in London—is affiliated to the Congress for Cultural Freedom. The article is by Petru Dimitriu, the well-known young Rumanian writer who last year left Rumania and has been granted political asylum in the West.

Petru Dimitriu's testimony to the dilemma of the writer under communism is particularly valuable. He is a talented writer, some of whose novels were published also in France while he still enjoyed the privileges of a writer in Rumania who conforms to the party line. Honours were poured upon him by the Communist regime. Three times he received the State Prize for Literature. In 1956 he was appointed Director of the Rumanian State Publishing House, and in 1958 Chairman of the Publishers' Council in the Ministry of Culture.

Costly Decision

Last year, while on a study trip to East Germany, he fled to West Berlin. It was a costly decision; he not only had to give up the many privileges he enjoyed in his own country, but—though he came with his wife—he had to leave his one-year-old baby behind. For some months after his flight to the West he remained silent in the hope of inducing the Rumanian authorities to let his baby come to its parents, but to no avail. Finally, he made a brief public announcement, giving as his reason for choosing exile 'the discovery of solidarity with my own people'—people who cannot make their voice heard. A few weeks ago his latest book was published in Paris, entitled *Rendezvous at the Last Judgment*. It gives a picture of the ruling strata in Rumania today from his inside knowledge of them.

Dimitriu begins his article in *Forum Service* on June 24 with this question: 'Why does one become a Communist, or why does one agree to work with the Communists? And why does one stop doing so? A Rumanian intellectual might give the following answer, but there is probably nothing specifically Rumanian about it—a Pole, a Hungarian, or a Czech might well give the same answer.

'In 1945 one found oneself, naked and defenceless, face to face with the Russian occupation and the screaming energy of a political-religious sect. One loved one's own country, but this was such a tiny truth compared with the gigantic and overwhelming Fact from the East. The West was so far away (and how far away was fully revealed for the first time in the case of Hungary). And one had to go on living: working, creating, rearing a family, carrying on one's scientific or artistic work.

'But the new rulers of the country (the "people", as they like to call themselves) seized the libraries and bookshops, the publishing houses and the printing works. If one happened to be a novelist, as I was, one had either

to give in or keep silent. But then again there was the incipient culture of a young nation to be created. What was the poor intellectual to do?

'One tried to do one's duty to one's own people (the real people) and, through one's people, to humanity as well. One tried to tell the strange stories of one's nation. But one was not allowed. Poets and novelists were ordered to describe the reality desired by the new masters, to work on men's minds in order to urge them on to the activity required by the new masters, to "educate" the people. Our incredibly unhappy Eastern world is becoming an educational establishment. Those who refuse to be "educated" are in prison or have been "shot while escaping".

'Our intellectual, however, with his European culture, our sceptic or opportunist, or even our believer in the economic conception of history, knows that truth does exist. It sounds rather strange, but one of the best ways to the knowledge that truth exists is to be forced to tell lies. Lying is, of course, a rather rough word. Shall we use a more polite word: ideology? or, shall we say: view of life? Yes, but why does the politically conditioned violation of truth play such an ever-increasing part, like a malignant growth, in this ideology?

Prosaic Truth

'For me the truth is humble and prosaic: a new day dawns; I am discontented; my friend is in prison; our plant is running at a loss. And then come the party and the press saying that the rosy sun of the future is rising: we are all content, even happy and enthusiastic, there are no prisons, industry is growing at a heroic pace. We must fight for the success of industry.

'One told oneself: these are transitional phenomena, the birth pangs of a new world. And one said to oneself also: do not forget the backwardness of former times: a process of liberalization is under way. No sooner had one consoled oneself with that illusion, however, than a new wave of terror set in (how many had there been before this?—one had already lost count). Friends were arrested, friends committed suicide, but you yourself were awarded the Labour Medal, given the State Prize and sent to the West on propaganda tours. You had the prospect of becoming a member of the Academy, like the great Sholokhov in his own country. You are not getting any younger, and you have not written a single book which presents the plain unvarnished and unmutated truth in accordance with your own modest, if perhaps limited, capacity for understanding. And you realize that that will be impossible to achieve even in the foreseeable future.

'And then you escaped, taking your country and your friends with you in your heart. You lost everything in order to save at least one thing: truth and reality. In this Western world, with all its inadequacy, all its (perhaps merely imagined) tiredness and disorder, one can at least tell the truth with impunity and describe

reality as one sees it. But back home (a fresh achievement of Socialist society!) one's relatives, children and friends were being persecuted because one had escaped abroad.

'In the present circumstances, culture is probably the only field in which the Rumanian people has something to offer humanity. Awakened from cultural slumber around 1800 and achieving maturity under French influence in a century and a half, the Rumanians have already produced important poets, artists, actors, and were about to create works of universal significance.

'The Communist revolution which was forced on us has brought about a strange two-faced period in the life of our young culture. On the one hand, culture is afforded every official encouragement: schooling, art education, libraries, cultural centres in factories and villages, a great increase in the number of students who now come from much wider strata of the population.

'On the other hand, the production and enjoyment of works of art and of culture generally are so much subjected to political control, political surveillance and political argument, that in the end cultural life withers and turns formal and empty. The students, mainly the sons of workers and peasants, learn to value scientific truth at the universities and to appreciate artistic freedom. This makes them the pronounced enemies of socialist realism and the so-called dialectical method in science; they come to see that both are mere propaganda and political formulas. University teachers are subject to periodical Marxist and political tests, which can hardly have a beneficial effect on their standards of scholarship. Creative artists are exposed to the mistrust and hidden malevolence of the party. A new and lively school of novelists appeared under the present regime; it is clear that it is now pining away'.

Confiscations and Suicides

Petru Dimitriu then gives a number of examples of Rumanian novelists whose best works, appearing during the 'thaw', have been confiscated; and he names nine Rumanian writers—six of them poets—who have been arrested since 1958 when 'a new wave of terror erupted, the biggest so far'. In addition, 'the best music critic of the younger generation committed suicide in prison', and the widow of a prominent literary critic 'died recently in prison'. Dimitriu goes on: 'In most cases it was not a question of political resistance to the regime: in some of them telling political jokes or the fact of being related to Rumanians living in exile has been the reason for arrest.

'I had to go into exile in order to continue writing at all. The intervention of the State Publishing House, the narrow-mindedness of the censorship, and the prohibition of certain subjects (no love poems, no love novels, no elegiac or philosophical poetry, no still-lives, no nudes), all this would not mean the end. It is true that it has made writing, painting, and possibly even

composing impossible, but one was able at least to survive physically and hope for another "thaw". But then came the new wave of terror in 1958. 'The *reservatio mentalis* is the only hope for those who are not in prison. Their public statements, their support of the regime, what they say and do, at home or abroad, however conformist and however disgraceful it may be, can mask a mute despair and an inner protest. Mostly this is in fact the case. The more gifted an artist is, the more unlikely

it is that he is genuinely enslaved to the regime. 'This rule did not apply before 1958. Since then, however, no Rumanian artist has believed in the continuous liberalization of the regime but at best in a succession of "thaw" and terror. More precisely, it is still possible to believe (as I myself do) in a process of liberalization but only in one the pace of which is too slow for a single lifetime. The shock brought about by realizing this probability explains why in 1958 and 1959 six intellectuals of my acquaint-

ance committed suicide and why an epidemic of suicides broke out in 1959 in the university town of Cluj in Transylvania. Of all these things nothing was known abroad, nor is anything known even today, and this makes the despair of those who suffer even more terrible.

'None of us asks the world for armed assistance. Our freedom is probably not worth a world war. But we need all the more the moral support of every intellectual who lives in freedom'.—*European Services*

Letters to the Editor

Great Advocates

Sir,—Lord Birkett's series of talks brings to mind a more important question than the one he mentions in his final talk printed in *THE LISTENER* of July 6.

Suppose the 'great advocate' had not been present in a particular case. Then the case could have been decided either in the same way or in the opposite way. Had the decision been in the same way, then clearly the advocate's skill is unnecessary. Had the case gone the opposite way, then either the cause of right has been lost for lack of skill in advocacy, or, in the original case, the advocate has won for his side a decision not merited by the facts.

If then we think that the 'truth will out' in our courts, clearly advocates can claim no credit for the verdicts reached.

More serious is the alternative that the courts are in fact a battleground of advocacy, and they are testing the relative skills of the two sides' advocates, rather than judging the truth of the matter. The conclusion is that the advocate is either superfluous to justice, or even a positive danger to it.—Yours, etc.,

Hull

J. N. STONE

Good, Brave Causes?

Sir,—There are two unrelated arguments in Mr. Nicolas Walter's letter concerning unilateral nuclear disarmament (*THE LISTENER*, July 6). He says, in the first place, that he 'would rather be "red than dead"', and that if he must die nevertheless, he 'would rather die by his own choice and without killing millions of other people. Is this entirely discreditable?'

Such a wish is not discreditable, but it is, unfortunately, almost entirely irrelevant. If the choice were between the death of our society and its preservation in another form (*i.e.*, after a long period of socialist transformation or even after a British Revolution), the answer would be obvious to most of us. But the choice in fact is between the *risk* of a nuclear war that would destroy our and Soviet society, and the surrender of our society with its consequent and inevitable destruction by the Soviets. Mr. Westall (*THE LISTENER*, June 29) meanwhile says explicitly that he wishes to be 'dangerous to all that maintains the *status quo*'. If I understand this sentence correctly, it means that he wishes to see our society destroyed and not modified—presumably by the Soviets, since there is nobody else about at the moment who can and would do this. In fact, he desires Britain to be red and dead.

Secondly, in defence of Mr. Westall and his friends, Mr. Walter says that their attitude is 'based on a deep emotion'. True enough: the emotion appears to be an amalgam of hatred and of fear, both comprehensible. He also says that: 'It is easy to be carried away by emotion, but isn't that better than not feeling at all?' The answer is that it all depends on the emotion: and to be carried away by hatred and fear is not preferable to apathy. Germany in the early nineteen-thirties contained many people who were filled with deep emotion, such as hatred of the Jews and fear of the French, and who were determined to be 'dangerous to all that maintained the *status quo*' of the Weimar Republic. They succeeded, and on a great upsurge of emotion Hitler took power and destroyed the *status quo*. It would have been infinitely better for all the world if those nazis had felt nothing at all. At that time Mr. Walter's emotional predecessors in this country chose pacifism because they had no wish to kill innocent Germans and because they felt that they would rather be brown than dead. They nearly succeeded in being both.—Yours, etc.,

Dorchester

CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON

Sir,—While I would agree with Mr. Nicolas Walter that the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament should pay attention to criticism, I think it should also be our job to expose those who would criticize us for whatever we did or said. People who have a vested interest in maintaining the *status quo* find one excuse after another to attack the C.N.D., and it remains only a matter of academic interest as to what they think up next.

With so much authoritative knowledge concerning the dangers of nuclear war and the likely results of one, from both independent and governmental sources, one begins to feel that insults are a justified, though possibly an undiplomatic, form of attack on those who do not acquaint themselves with the facts. After all what sort of person resignedly accepts the threat of annihilation? Is it a man who attacks people with conviction enough to practise civil disobedience without even troubling to discover their real views?

When we all know that another war, in the optimistic estimation of the American military authorities, would result in 160,000,000 American deaths, 200,000,000 Russian deaths, and the extinction of everyone in Britain and western Europe, when we know that only luck has already forestalled an accidental war, are we to accept this situation and still gallantly maintain

our opponents are neither criminally ignorant nor insane? And as for our rulers...

Yours, etc.,

Enfield

JEREMY WESTALL

The Future of Our Universities

Sir,—The correspondence resulting from the recent broadcasts on the future of our universities has ranged from the righteous anger of F. W. J. Hemmings (*THE LISTENER*, June 8) that Sir Eric Ashby and others should have condemned much of the affairs of our universities to the equally righteous despair of T. G. Miller (*THE LISTENER*, July 6) that nothing is being done or likely to be done.

Surely enough has now been said to justify finding the facts, particularly regarding the quality of departmental research and of teaching at various stages of undergraduate and post-graduate life. The practical value of the outcome of fundamental research in the pure and applied sciences is usually beyond assessment but if the *quality* of research cannot be estimated, the names of Fellows of the Royal Society and of Nobel prize winners might as well be drawn from a hat. Moreover, if the quality of research cannot be assessed, why is this very factor a major consideration in appointing new staff? If the quality of teaching in state and in independent schools is examined by outside assessors, why is this not done for universities which are largely dependent on public funds?

Elementary considerations of human nature and loyalties to colleagues make it certain that universities will never examine themselves in this way. It is to be hoped that the two committees now examining university affairs will be fearless in finding the facts, however difficult and protracted such a revolutionary step may be.

If and when the facts regarding the quality of university research and teaching are known, it will remain to decide how much dead wood can be carried without hurt to the nation. No one minds a few pure scholars being paid for ruminating in their academic crevices, but a university can no more afford an ineffective head of, for example, a key science department in a civic university, than British Railways can afford to use a single incompetent engine driver.—Yours, etc.,

Malvern

A. P. ROWE

British Economic Growth

Sir,—I would not agree with the details of some of Professor Paish's figures (*THE LISTENER*, July 6, 1961) regarding employment

and hours, and also his use of gross rather than net product. But there are two points of principle which seem more important. The rate of economic growth in a period of post-war recovery is, in the nature of things, higher than normal. If we use the rate of growth in immediate post-war years as a basis for projections into the future we will certainly make them too high. Economists frequently make this mistake regarding both Russia and Germany, but that is no reason for making it for Britain. Careful scrutiny of our figures suggests that the post-war recovery period ended, and that what we can call normal economic growth was resumed, about 1954.

The other point of principle, in measurements of this nature, is that the selection of individual years for the calculations, however disinterested the selector, is bound to lead to erratic results. The only valid procedure is the mathematical fitting of an average per cent. per annum (*i.e.*, logarithmic) rate of growth. My figure of 1.3 per cent. per annum was obtained by such a fitting of all the years for which final figures are so far available, *i.e.*, up to 1959. A preliminary estimate for 1960 has shown a large increase over 1959; the first indications for 1961 show about the same figure. We should withhold judgment until the final figures are available (in August), as past experience shows that the preliminary estimates are often altered by more than 2 per cent.

If these uncertain figures for 1960 and 1961 are substantiated, the growth rate fitted for the average of the period since 1954 would stand at 1.6 per cent. per annum instead of 1.3. This would bring us back to the growth rate observed in Victorian England or in the nineteen-twenties, and would be equal to what I calculate for the long-period growth rate of Soviet Russia, another slow developer. But it would be substantially below the rate claimed by Professor Paish, and still further below the rate found in other industrial countries.—Yours, etc.,

Oxford

COLIN CLARK

Sickert's Portrait of Zangwill

Sir,—Three issues seem to be involved in Miss Browse's and Mr. Ayrton's letters (*THE LISTENER*, June 29): why, where, and when, was the portrait of Zangwill painted?

'Why?' is a minor point. I mentioned other artists who painted Zangwill largely to dispel Mr. Ayrton's doubts that he 'lent his features to', even if he didn't commission, such avant-garde artists as Sickert, Rothenstein, and Wolmark, as well as S. J. Solomon and Miss Stewart. Whether the portrait was painted at Zangwill's behest or Sickert's is relatively unimportant, for Mr. Ayrton must know that many commissioned portraits do not end up in the sitter's possession.

Both your correspondents apparently still hold to their 'guess' that the picture was painted in Venice in 1904, although, disappointingly, Mr. Ayrton makes no serious comment on the most vital issue in the absence of convincing documentation, the dating of the picture on its style. This is taken up by Miss Browse, who dates it 1904, because of 'the freedom of handling, lucidity of pigment, and bold economy of statement'—an assessment equally applicable to, amongst many other works, the portrait of Beardsley (1894), the self-portraits of 1907 and

1929 and the 'Blackbird of Paradise', now in Leeds, dated *circa* 1904 by Miss Browse in her recent book. On what grounds does Miss Browse thus date the Leeds picture? Is it very similar to the Zangwill?

I possibly overstated the case when I wrote that 'almost without exception' Sickert's Venetian pictures of 1903-4 were painted on a grey primed canvas. But are there, as Miss Browse claims, really so 'very many' which were primed with burnt umber and burnt sienna? Wouldn't Miss Browse agree that, of the sixteen illustrations in her book with which she chooses to represent the Venetian period of 1903-4, only two, the portrait of Zangwill and the 'Beribboned Washstand' are not painted on a grey ground? And both of us have overlooked Sickert's words in a letter to Blanche, written from Venice about December 1903: 'I have learned many things. NOT to paint in varnish. NOT to embarrass the canvas with any preparation'.

Priming apart, a comparison of the loose, fluid surfaces, the confident brushstrokes and the general colour scheme of the 'Beribboned Washstand' with the Zangwill, tightly modelled, almost in bas-relief, its colours sombre and its marked contrasts of lights and darks, surely reveals differences too great for the two pictures to have been painted within a year of each other. Nor, as Miss Browse writes in her book, can the portrait of Mrs. Swinton be 'much the same period as that of Israel Zangwill'.

Manson's memory may not have been infallible, but as a first-hand witness who knew Sickert intimately from 1910 onwards, he may still be right and the portrait have been painted in Venice in 1895. Is Miss Browse any the more reliable when, in her book, so many works are in my view misdated, in some instances by as little as one or two years (plates 5, 10, 15, 33, 55), in others by six or seven years (colour plate VI, plates 13, 14, 16, 74) and in once instance (plate 11) by as much as eleven years?

Yours, etc.,

Windsor

RONALD PICKVANCE

North American Wines

Sir,—The talk by Mr. Edward Hyams, 'Wine and the Common Market' (*THE LISTENER*, June 1) makes excellent reading and made probably excellent listening. He is informative in the best news-reporting and popular-scientific manner and creates therefore the impression that his opinions are equally trustworthy. Mr. Hyams very obviously does not approve of North American grapes. They 'taste of liquorice', 'make the most horrible wine on earth', and are 'far too nasty for European palates'. These broad and rather sketchy references disclose his prejudices.

He omits, for instance, to mention that *vitis vinifera* muscatels taste also of liquorice (only more so) but still enjoy the favour of connoisseurs, and this includes Mr. Hyams, I presume. He also implies that *all* American grapes are foxy and yield therefore the 'most horrible wine on earth', but surely out of the thousands of American and Canadian varieties and hybrids there must be a few which are slightly higher than 'vermin'. As a matter of fact, there are even among the commercially grown varieties a few whose foxiness is detectable by experts only.

It is my contention, borne out by a long and

extensive experience as winemaker with North American grapes and wines, that one part of their bad reputation is due to poor winemaking practices in the past (particularly during prohibition), and the other part to a few, mostly self-appointed connoisseurs, who decry something they know little about. I wonder, for instance, how many American wines Mr. Hyams has had the opportunity of tasting and whether he knew from what varieties they were made. And is he sure that American wines he has tasted were not produced out of California-grown *vitis vinifera* or out of one of the many Seibels, Bacos, Bertille-Seyves, or other French hybrids which are increasingly grown in the eastern U.S. and in Canada?

European 'connoisseurs' have coined a derogatory term—'foxy'—for the flavour of some of the American grape varieties, but they do not seem to have noticed that this particular flavour is not altogether unpleasant when used to make the only generally accepted and commercially successful grape juice, and that it is always toned down after fermentation and aging and disappears in many instances, *e.g.*, in the well-known Delaware. It also disappears during processing in many distinctly foxy wines like Concords, Agawams, Niagaras, etc., I refer, in particular, to its disappearance under flor fermentation (a process of Spain and Chalon) or under 'baking' (a process of Madeira).

French and German wines are almost exclusively low-alcohol table wines and American and Canadian wines are almost exclusively high-alcohol dessert and appetizer wines, and to compare these two is not admissible.

Yours, etc.,

London, Ontario HENRYK SCHOENFELD

Joseph Ewart and his Family

Sir,—The Joseph Ewart (1759-1792) referred to in Mr. Alistair Cooke's delightful 'Letter from Bath' (*THE LISTENER*, July 6) was a member of a family which deserves to be better known. Joseph himself gained the reputation of having 'acquired over some leading members of the Prussian Cabinet . . . an extraordinary degree of influence . . . acquired, too, not by address or insinuation, but by a certain peremptory, authoritative, and overbearing language, which it was really quite diverting to witness, in a little raw red-haired Scotch youth, who was invested, too, at that time with no higher character than that of *chargé d'affaires*' (Croker Papers).

Of his three brothers, William (1763-1823) became one of the best known and most influential of Liverpool merchants and Gladstone's god-father. His son, William (1798-1869), was the Radical M.P., penal reformer and parliamentary pioneer of public libraries. Brother Peter (1767-1842) began his engineering career as one of Rennie's apprentices. He subsequently travelled widely while installing steam-engines for Boulton and Watt and eventually became Chief Engineer and Inspector of Machinery in H.M. Dockyards. Brother John was a well-known Bath doctor.

The brothers and their devastating sister, Jane, were children of the Manse, their father being the Rev. John Ewart (1716-1799), Minister of Troqueer, Dumfries.

Yours, etc.,

Cambridge

W. A. MUNFORD

Painting of the Month

'The Triumph of Caesar'

BRYAN ROBERTSON considers the paintings by Mantegna at Hampton Court

IF YOU GO to Hampton Court in winter, as I did last February, you will find a greenish-dark haunted world of silence broken only by the sound of birds and the scrunching of your own footsteps on the gravel. The great empty paths stretch away into space, cutting across the frosty lawns. The gardens are deserted. A smoky white light hovers under the dark trees. Sometimes a pale sculpture can be seen in a clearing, half-hidden by dim shrubberies. The fountains are empty and wait for spring before their jets can be heard and seen. Heavily ornamental urns loom up on terraces and only emphasize the desolate spaces of the long walks and promenades which lie vacant under a cold winter sun.

The massive Wren building, so richly embellished with its glowing pink-orange brick and grey stonework, seems to protect or hide the sprawling Tudor remains like a guilty secret. Elizabeth Bowen, the writer, or Michael Andrews, the painter, would I think recognize the strange atmosphere of winter at Hampton Court. The emptiness, and the light, and the nearness of the winter river give out these sensations; but you almost expect to come across something strange or unfamiliar over a hedge. You are not quite sure whether somebody was working in a greenhouse or not. The place is heavy with silence.

In summer, the terraces are crowded, the flower beds blaze with colour, the fountains play, people sprawl on the lawns and wander in throngs through the courtyards and corridors of the palace. But Hampton Court is not easily invaded by people; it retains very much its own presence. It gives out an implacable sense of separateness: of being the tomb of a family who had little to do with the rest of life. And under that bristling forest of chimney stacks is housed Mantegna's 'Triumph of Caesar', in the Orangery, in a garden house, next door to where you pay tuppence to see an old boa-constrictor of a vine growing improbably under English glass. It costs threepence to go next door and see 'The Triumph of Caesar'.

I can think of no more bizarre setting for Mantegna's masterpiece. Carefully lettered sign-posts point the way 'to the Mantegna paintings' from several directions in the gardens. When you finally enter the Orangery it is like going into the Reptile House at some amiable, quiet zoo. Once inside the long, single-storied building the illusion of a reptile house gives place to an aquarium, heightened by the way the paintings are faced by windows covered with slatted blinds. Soft under-water light filters through these blinds, reinforced by strip lighting which points up at the paintings from a low wall three or four feet away from them: a sturdy barrier, rather like that cautious division between you and the reptile tanks or cages.

What are these paintings doing in England, in the Orangery at Hampton Court? They do not burst upon you as they should, for you see them sideways. There is time to consider their

presence and their origins. They were bought by Charles I from the Gonzaga family in Italy, in the early years of the seventeenth century. The Gonzagas had been Mantegna's life-long patrons, but their fortunes were spent, and so the Mantegnas come to England. The Raphael cartoons in the Victoria and Albert Museum were also bought by that uniquely discerning monarch, Charles I, but whereas the Raphaels are most nobly displayed, the great Mantegna paintings are, I feel strongly, betrayed by their present position.

If Mantegna could see his 'Triumph of Caesar' now, he would scarcely recognize it, for it has suffered greatly in the past 400 years—and it was in far from perfect condition when it first came to England. But Mantegna might well bring a case against the English for the way it is hung, which destroys the point of the paintings—for Mantegna was frequently an irascible man and entered into many legal actions in his lifetime.

He was born in 1431, in Italy, the son of a carpenter. He was apprenticed in Padua to

a copyist and purveyor of antiques. Living and working in northern Italy, as he did, Mantegna came under the influence of Florentine art with its concentrated intellectual bite and all its compressed energy. In much of Mantegna's work we are conscious of an almost authoritarian harshness of attack. He was much affected by the sculpture of Donatello, and was in fact temperamentally drawn towards an almost sculptural firmness of modelling in his own paintings. In later years he even painted in the manner of sculptural, three-dimensional, bas-reliefs. But Mantegna was taken to Venice when he was still a young man, and met the Bellini family. He married old Jacopo Bellini's daughter; and was affected by the richer and more obviously sensual style of Venetian art in general. In Mantegna's best work the north and the south came together most beautifully, a perfect fusion between intellect and emotion: between thought and feeling. And we find this extraordinary synthesis most perfectly attained in 'The Triumph of Caesar'.

Mantegna had left Padua, a centre of learning



'Caesar on his Chariot': one of the nine paintings of 'The Triumph of Caesar' by Mantegna

Reproduced by gracious permission of Her Majesty the Queen

and scholarship which appealed to his imagination as a place of residence because of his own sympathy towards learning and humanism—and the current passion for antiquity—very reluctantly to enter the services of the Marquess of Mantua, Lodovico Gonzaga. He was employed by the Gonzaga family for the rest of his life as their honoured and cherished court painter; and Mantegna painted 'The Triumph of Caesar' for the grandson of the Marquess, Giovanni Francesco Gonzaga, who had married Isabella d'Este.

The nine paintings in tempera on fine linen took nearly ten years to complete. They were interrupted by a visit to Rome—one of several made by Mantegna. Each mural-sized painting measures roughly nine feet square. They were first used as a decoration for an outer courtyard, and then also as a decoration for a theatrical spectacle. But just before Mantegna died the paintings were properly sited and projected at a new palace built by Francesco Gonzaga. There they probably remained until the decline of the Gonzaga fortunes, when Charles I bought them for England.

What are the paintings about? A crowded, tumultuous procession heralds the arrival of Caesar, the victor, the conqueror. Caesar in his chariot is the last painting, on the extreme right, and everything reads back gradually to him; though you can read the paintings from right to left or vice versa—the composition is a study in crescendo, either way.

First, we see the trumpeters heralding the arrival of the procession. Then soldiers appear carrying statues of the gods and a tablet proclaiming Caesar's triumph; a triumphal car and bier laden with the spoils of war; the vase bearers; sacrificial bulls followed by four richly ornamented elephants; the victorious soldiers again, followed by the captives; then, finally, the musicians: followed by Caesar in his chariot.

The paintings were originally in brilliant colours, but now they have faded—and been tampered with—and so all we see is a range of soft browns and golds, enlivened by an occasional flash of light red, with a little yellow, green, and blue. An undulating landscape binds several of the paintings together, and the long crowded composition is unified by other means as well: both in construction and balance of forms and by certain figures which pass out of one painting and enter into the next. The first three paintings push heavily to the left—the weight of the composition runs diagonally across, and upwards, building up always to the left; and this accentuates the effect of a moving procession surging along to the left. But the fourth and fifth paintings, the vase-bearers and the elephants, bring in heavily scored conflicting diagonals and so we are led back to the right, back to the culminating point or the beginning of the whole movement—Caesar himself.

Apocryphal Triumph

This is probably an apocryphal triumph, for although Mantegna loved Rome he liked to embody his dream in a reinterpretation of the classical heritage. He had a highly romantic sense of the past. But the scene is Rome, for triumphs always took place in that city, and might represent the end of the Gallic wars.

Over the procession is the light of late after-

noon, though the faded and altered state of the colour makes it hard to be certain. The paintings are full of the interaction between people, animals and objects—lances, spears, caskets, and so on—and people with each other. There are marvellous details of faces peering between other bodies and the thrust and the shape of a sword or the swirling draperies of a robe which touch upon another figure and so bring that figure into the continuous interplay of the composition as a whole. Occasionally, a young soldier, a musician or a captive looks back towards Caesar, and by this gesture the flowing composition is momentarily slowed down and our eyes pause, our intelligences are given a rest, momentarily, before the movement picks up again and swirls on. There is a tremendous tension between the long flowing horizontals and the exultant up-thrusts of trumpets, banners, and trophies. There is a complexity in the hectic nature of the design and in its calmly resolved execution which brings to mind Uccello's 'Rout of San Romano'.

But Mantegna's vision of Caesar's triumphal procession really has about as much relation to ancient Rome as Dukas's ballet *La Péri*, with all its *art nouveau*, *opéra comique* undertones, bears to the original Persian legend which inspired it. 'The Triumph of Caesar' is very much Mantegna's triumph, for he had come through to a softer and more voluptuous conception of figures than most of his other work would indicate—Venetian art had at last penetrated deeply—but the painting as a whole is like a balletic frieze, monumentally theatrical, remote from reality, a dressed-up, impeccably costumed pageant. There is real feeling in the faces and gestures of the prisoners, and much lyrical tenderness in the posture of several more contemplative figures, but most of all we are conscious of a great spectacle which re-enacts an occasion, not the occasion itself.

The Renaissance Looking at a Fabulous Past

For thoughts of ancient Rome at the time of the Renaissance were of this order: the Italians of the Renaissance looked back upon an exotic and fabulous past, already a little hazy. Mantegna, a great humanist with a real love for antiquity, had always been fascinated by thoughts of the imperial might and majesty of Rome. You can find this predilection for weighty and heavily materialist volumes and masses even in his 'Agony in the Garden' in the National Gallery, where the rigid contours of the rocks and the sculptural contours of the landscape are not unlike the oppressive, heavy grandeur of Roman architecture. By contrast, Donatello went further back, imaginatively, in his reconstruction of a romantic past—and touched upon Greece. This is clear enough in the purity of his sculptures.

But Mantegna had no wish to go further back than Rome, where the Greek spirit had already become corrupted. His work perhaps is not quite spiritual enough as a result: think for a moment of his relatives, the Bellinis. And yet, although there are so many signs of Mantegna's love of classical props and references in the paintings at Hampton Court, these are real people, not characters. A psychological penetration in the faces almost recalls the spirit of Masaccio.

It is wonderful to find 'The Triumph of Caesar' as a work of Mantegna's maturity, after the pain and fierceness of most of his other

paintings. Hemingway once referred to 'the bitter nail holes of Mantegna's "Christ"'. But with Caesar the harshness has disappeared. The construction is firm enough, but the work as a whole is a gentle, calm evocation of the classical world. The conception itself is highly original, for the figures are all on a low ground so that they would appear to be moving at eye-level. This illusion of reality would be greatly heightened by implementing Mantegna's original plan for placing the separated panels between thin carved pillars which make a fixed, ideal plane—so that the procession would seem to take place on the other side of the pillars.

Destruction of the Unified Procession

At Hampton Court the paintings are placed high above eye-level and they are separated by spaces, without pillars. The white strip-lights from below illuminate only the centre parts of each painting. A pool of shadow obscures the base of each composition. Mantegna's conception of a unified procession is completely destroyed. It would be startling to see these paintings at eye-level, properly illuminated and recessed by pillars according to Mantegna's plan. Worst of all, perhaps, is the impossibility of getting far enough away from the paintings to see the work as a whole, for they hang along one side of a long narrow gallery. Mantegna did not want us to have the impression of a set of framed pictures, with the frames confusingly at the same plane as the action.

But it is still a great experience to see this extraordinary vision unroll before our eyes. Hanging in the room where I write at home is a painting of Buddha in his chariot that I brought back from Siam last year. It is old, with soft colours and gilding on frayed linen; but there is immense charm and vivacity in the painting of the handsome young Prince who was to become Buddha by divesting himself of his riches: setting out on the first stage of his journey towards the real life of the spirit and leaning over his chariot to give alms to the four seated beggars by the roadside. I would rather think of Buddha than of Caesar; but Mantegna touched upon an almost oriental conception of painting and a sweet compassion of colour and gentle modelling in his 'Triumph' that Buddha might well have smiled upon.—*Home Service*

Rain on Fence Wire

What little violences shake
The raindrop till it turns from apple
To stretched out pear, then drops and takes
Its whirling rainbows to the ground?

Once, I remember, you, too, fell,
Quenched, to the world, and in your vanished
Face I could see no call for help
Nor news of what had brought you down.

Was it the world itself that quaked
Enormously beyond my knowing?
Or tiny claws, that perch and shake
From yards away a rainbow down?

No difference . . . I look and see
The dry wings flirt, the small ounce soaring
And with its leap a shower of drops
Flames down, released into the grass.

NORMAN MACCAIG

PHILOSOPHY

The journal of The Royal Institute of Philosophy, 14, Gordon Square, W.C.1
Vol. XXXVI APRIL & JULY, 1961

Edited by H. B. Acton

CONTENTS

THE SOCIAL STRUCTURE OF EXPERIENCE

Charles Hartshorne

MINDS, MACHINES AND GÖDEL

J. R. Lucas

COLOURS

J. J. C. Smart

HÄGERSTRÖM'S PHILOSOPHY OF LAW

John Passmore

IMPARTIALITY AND CONSISTENCY

D. H. Monro

SARTRE AND LE NÉANT

A. R. Manser

OMNIPOTENCE, EVIL AND SUPERMEN

Ninian Smart

BELIEFS AND ATTRIBUTES

Gershon Weiler

DISCUSSIONS

Daya Krishna, W. D. Joske,
A. Whittick and L. C. Robertson

REVIEW ARTICLES

Karl Britton and Basil Mitchell

NEW BOOKS

INSTITUTE NOTES AND NOTICES

Enlarged issue, price 12s.

MACMILLAN & CO., LTD.,
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON, W.C.2

Annual Subscription 26s. post free. Members of the Institute receive the journal without charge by virtue of their subscription of £1 10s. annually.

An Isle of Man
Coxswain



The Royal National
Life-Boat Institution is
supported wholly by voluntary
contributions

YOU CAN HELP. SEND YOUR
CONTRIBUTION TO:—

ROYAL
NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT
INSTITUTION

42 GROSVENOR GARDENS
LONDON, S.W.1.

R.N.L.I.

THE RAPID RESULTS COLLEGE

EXPERT HOME TUITION FOR

General Certificate of Education, Accountancy,
Banking, Secretaryship, Law, Local Government,
Civil Service, Insurance.

Our exclusive methods of Home Study have
brought quick success to over 60,000 students.
Every course is complete in itself. No text-
books are required. All students are covered
by a genuine No Pass—No Fee Guarantee.
R.R.C. Courses open the door to success.

FREE 100 PAGE BOOK

Send now for a Free copy of "Your Career".
Packed with vital facts on a successful career.

THE RAPID RESULTS COLLEGE
6, Tuiton House, London, S.W.19.

ARTS COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS

DAUMIER

Paintings and Drawings

TATE GALLERY

Till July 30

Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6;

Tue., Thur. 10-8; Sun. 2-6

Adm. 3/6

ARCHITECTURE TODAY

Arts Council Gallery

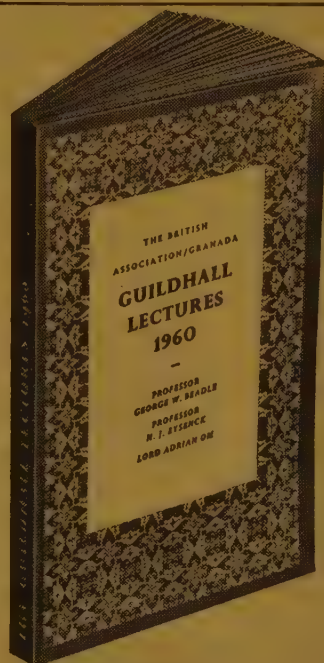
4 St. James's Square, S.W.1.

Till July 29

Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6;

Tue., Thur. 10-8

Adm. 1/6



The full texts of the three BRITISH ASSOCIATION/GRANADA LECTURES given at the Guildhall in London in 1960 under the general title of 'Communication in the Modern World'—'The Language of the Gene', by Professor George W. Beadle, Dean of the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena; 'Communicating with Caliban', by Dr. H. J. Eysenck, Professor of Psychology, University of London; and 'The Human Receiving System', by Lord Adrian O.M., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Illustrated—available through booksellers—4s. 6d. Published by the University of London Press Limited, in association with

GRANADA TV



TONE without equal THE CHAPPELL CHAPLETTE



HEIGHT
3 ft. 8 in.
WIDTH
4 ft. 4 in.
IVORY KEYS
SCHWANDER
ACTION

£212 CASH
or easy payments

Please send for beautifully
illustrated literature of
Chappell Pianos and address
of nearest Stockist

THE CHAPPELL PIANO COMPANY LTD.
50 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



Insure your dog

with

CANINE INSURANCE

He's not always on a lead.

Dogs get run over, cause accidents,
get lost and stolen. Die prematurely
from disease or poison. CANINE
INSURANCE full cover provides
for these risks and also includes
veterinary fees and £10,000
Third Party Indemnity.

Write for Free Brochure

Canine Insurance Ass'n Ltd

1-2 Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.3
MANsion Hse. 8089 MINcing La. 6804
Established over a quarter of a century



'Just the thing for busy morons'

THIS remark was Miss Fenella Fielding's inspired verdict on "The Week", that splendid piece of news-sieving that goes on at the back of The Observer Weekend Review each Sunday. If you read your paper in the train, or at the breakfast-table, and your reading is habitually punctuated by either passing the marmalade or hunting for your season ticket, the news is apt to get unbalanced. Sometimes the papers themselves contribute to this confusion by not knowing what really matters. But come Sunday, The Observer settles the count perfectly in "The Week." The man who's responsible for panning the gold from the immense amount of dross that clutters up front pages during the week is Edward Crankshaw.

If ever there was a danger (and I think there is) of regarding the more literate Sunday newspapers as weekly magazines, I think Mr. Crankshaw goes a long way to putting this right. There, on a single page, the news of the week is brilliantly evaluated. It's not just useful in case you happen to have missed it when it was at its topical best. It's a good thing to train yourself to take a cool backward glance at recent events occasionally. Otherwise, like Pavlov's dogs, you tend to salivate furiously every time you hear the newsboy's voice.

Spotting the Aphorism . . .

I never was much of a sportsman, but there's one quiet little sport I can never resist: that of trying to decide, as the week sides by, what will appear in the 'Sayings of the Week' section. It's a good game. Some people (Marilyn Monroe, Dr. Fisher, Gerald Nabarro, Queen Soraya, Frank Sinatra) have a genius for coining sayings of the week. Those winners are relatively easy to pick, if you study form carefully. Discerning a likely outsider before the 'off' is less easy. Were you onto the Minister of Agriculture the other day? "For once," he said, "one can mention pigs with a sense of sober satisfaction." It's snippets like this which add the final touch of spice to a page which I have always found to be already very well-seasoned.

I'm storing up one or two bets for next Sunday's Observer already. But I daresay, as usual, I shall be surprised. And what a good thing that is! J.B.L.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Late Lord Byron

By Doris Langley Moore.
John Murray. 42s.

Reviewed by SIR HAROLD NICOLSON

BYRON POSSESSED THE GIFT of rousing storms during his life-time and he continued to arouse even worse storms after his death. He was worshipped as the high priest and victim of satiety, who relieved his boredom by committing atrocious sins. Until they read *Don Juan* people failed to notice that he was a flippant and mundane person, who behaved very badly to the lovely ladies who fell in love with him, but who was wonderfully considerate to charwomen. The Byron controversy kept the literary worlds of London and Paris buzzing for a hundred years: many friendships were broken and many reputations damaged. But Byron has survived as an amusing man of the world, who wrote what are among the best letters in the language, and who composed some excellent verses and one truly great poem.

Mrs. Moore, as a scholar who has for years applied herself to the Byron legend, had the good fortune to be granted access to the Lovelace papers, which had been denied to such research-workers as André Maurois and Dr. Marchand. She is an excellent writer, a conscientious historian, and a woman of insight and wit. Her book is not only entertaining to read but will remain a quarry from which future Byron scholars will chip important material.

She herself has since girlhood succumbed to the Byron fever and, as all those who have been inveigled into the Augusta and other swamps, she takes sides. She is nice about the Guiccioli and her brother; she is nice, if patronising, about John Cam Hobhouse, a clumsy champion of loyalty; but she is, and not without good reason, perfectly beastly about Dallas, Medwin, Stanhope, Trelawny, Mrs. Leigh, Parry, the boy Luke, Caroline Lamb, Galt, Stendhal, Moore, Mrs. Shelley, Leigh Hunt, and Lady Blessington. I have always felt that Moore behaved admirably over the whole business, and that he had been shabbily treated by Hobhouse. But not at all. Mrs. Langley Moore assures me that Thomas Moore was a very ill-bred little man. But she never heard him sing.

It is evident from what she writes that Hobhouse was tactless. He ought not to have burnt the memoirs: he ought not to have lost his temper over Medwin's book, which was after all quite a friendly portrait; it was very stupid of him not to realize the great merit of Byron's letters; he should not have labelled as the last poem that Byron wrote a poem which, from internal evidence, was only his last but one. He should have realised that all Byron's enemies would assail him personally: 'for all his courage he was a very bad fighter'. Loyalty is a charming quality, and Hobhouse would joke with the living Byron about foibles and vices which, once Byron was dead, became unmentionable. We are unfair about that aspect of Victorianism. Men would laugh in private about subjects which, if spoken or written about

in public, would send the blush flooding to their whiskers' edge. Respect for contemporary conventions should not invariably be scorned as hypocrisy.

Lady Byron was the worst type of grumble, the self-righteous grumble. There was about her a tortuous secretiveness which I find intolerable. She bullied poor Augusta Leigh to the verge of blackmail. She was essentially a vindictive woman, a grievance-monger, and a humbug. 'To be right', comments Mrs. Langley Moore, 'to be acknowledged to be right, to be unruffled by the faintest breath of criticism—perhaps no young woman ever lived whose writings show so intense a preoccupation with her own rectitude'. After all, she married with her eyes open; I am myself positive that her aunt Lady Melbourne warned her what to expect; and she should have faced the result with a touch of audacity and humour. She was not marrying the vicar and she knew it.

In *The Late Lord Byron* Mrs. Langley Moore has not only provided us with new information which for years had remained hidden in the Lovelace archives, but has indulged in wider research. I had always hoped that Lady Byron's papers, when revealed, would settle once and for all the problem of the separation. We are given a hint here and there and a clue here and there; but nothing concrete or decisive. I am still not positive why she remained obdurate for all those years.

Mrs. Moore has handled her material with skill. There will be those who say that she has assumed in her readers an acquaintance with the Byron circle which they do not possess. It is as if the headmistress of a girls' school were to talk to us about the dear girls on the assumption that we had known them all from childhood. This is a minor defect. Her book is careful, cautious perhaps, informative, pure, and admirably written.

The Yellow Scarf

By Francis Tüker. Dent. 25s.

The word *thug* has long been absorbed into the English language, although in present-day usage it has acquired a meaning different from its Indian original. The Thugs were a religious guild who indulged in ritual strangulation. They believed that at one time the world was infested by a demon who devoured men as fast as they were created. This monster was eventually destroyed by the goddess Kali, but from every drop of blood that fell to the ground in the process there sprang a new demon. The work of destroying these progeny eventually became too arduous for Kali, and to deal with them she created two men, to each of whom she gave a yellow handkerchief and commanded them to strangle the demons. When they had slain them all they offered to return their scarves to Kali, but the goddess bade them hand them over to their posterity with the injunction to destroy all men who were not of their kindred.

The Thugs flourished undetected for several hundred years, during the course of which they murdered several million of their fellow-

countrymen, always of strangulation; and although they lived by disposing of the effects of their victims, their motive was sacrificial.

The suppression of this fearful scourge was almost entirely due to the enterprise, skill, and linguistic ability of Sir William Sleeman who, as a young officer in the Bengal Army, determined to discover the reason for the disappearance without trace of some of his own soldiers. Patient and single-handed research over several years gradually led Sleeman to uncover the whole Thug organization and eventually to eliminate it.

Sleeman's fame rests primarily on his suppression of *thuggee*, but, as Sir Francis Tüker points out in this very readable and pleasantly rambling biography, he has much wider claims to remembrance. He ended his service as Resident at Lucknow, in the days when the then Kingdom of Oudh was in a state of chaos and corruption: and it is at least possible that had his warnings been heeded the horrors of the Mutiny of 1857 might have been greatly lessened. He wore himself out in the service of India and died at sea on the way home to final retirement.

The British contribution to the pacification of India is nowadays sometimes forgotten, and this book is a welcome reminder of the not so distant past when Briton and Indian worked amicably together in the administration of the sub-continent.

JOHN MORRIS

The Eye of the Wind. By Peter Scott.

Hodder and Stoughton. 42s.

'Too much wind, and too much I!' One can imagine its being said; and one would partly sympathize with the speaker. Yet it would not be really fair. The writer of any autobiography has first a psychologically somewhat difficult fence to take. He may be naturally modest, but for the purposes of his book he has to assume that everybody is going to want to know everything about him. And in a sense why not? If he doesn't wish to know, Mr. Scott must have reasoned to himself, he is under no obligation to peruse the book or even open it. And, telling himself this, he has with an engaging thrusting-away of all doubt, decided to put in everything about himself that amuses him personally, and the reader can like it or leave it.

Indeed, as he tells us, his first draft amounted to no less than half a million words; and even now this lavishly produced and illustrated book comes to close on seven hundred pages. Nevertheless one might start by noticing some of the things that are *not* included. Mr. Scott has an old-fashioned (and admirable) reticence about publishing details of his own emotional mishaps. He pays tribute to his eminently successful second marriage; of his first he says nothing other than that it took place, and went wrong. Well done! A less satisfactory omission is any explanation of the social and financial position of the household in which he was brought up. His widowed mother lived in Buckingham Palace Road, a respectable but hardly a 'smart'

area: yet the Prime Minister seemed to be constantly dropping in to tea, and the rich and famous were like pebbles on the beach. Was his father's reputation such that its benefits continued posthumously, as if all England was trying to make up to the widow and orphan for the loss of the husband and father? Put like that, it seems scarcely credible. Or was his mother's own personality so strong that she attracted all this attention in her own right? Or, if a mixture of the two, a mixture in what proportion? A large number of such questions spring to mind, and none of them receives the least satisfaction.

What we have instead is a highly documented account of all the author's sports and pleasures: birds—the metamorphosis from wildfowler with punt-gun to conservator with rocket-nets; yachts—three times winner of the Prince of Wales' Cup, Olympic bronze medallist; gliders—holder of almost every badge he could wish for. Mr. Scott is highly endowed with the original sin of competitiveness, and willingly admits it: ambition, advantages of birth, and great natural talents and application, lead him to excel in everything he touches. Amongst sports we must certainly include his painting; for the cheerful way in which he confesses to calling in friends and relations to 'paint in' bits of blue sky or reeds when he is pressed for time, witnesses that he himself regards it as such and not as an art. And one might almost include his war too (destroyers, commands in Light Coastal Forces, Dieppe Raid), for as well as being thoroughly gallant it was certainly what is called a 'good' one.

Mr. Scott's chief drawback as an autobiographer is a paradoxical one, the fact that he is such an inveterate recorder. One feels that he cannot sleep at night until he has written out in the fullest factual detail the events of the day preceding. He feels it due to us as well as to himself to note down with care each occasion upon which he has spoken with royalty (for instance). We are treated to endless descriptions of duck-shoots, shot by shot, duck by duck. One feels that he has to an extent lacked the art to turn this huge mass of crude material into literature: we need less detail, more broad outline, indeed (for such of us as are not duck-men) more instruction. Nevertheless the overall impression is favourable, and those who do not care for ducks can always, after all, . . . duck.

HILARY CORKE

Tudor Church Music. By Denis Stevens.

Faber. 35s.

It would be valuable, and revealing, if the Royal School of Church Music, or some other organization with an interest in the matter, were to publish yearly a list of music sung in the cathedrals, collegiate and large parish churches of Britain. Only in this way, all else apart, would it be possible to discover how much truth there is in Denis Stevens's generalization, in the preface of his most interesting book, that neither the Catholic Church nor the Anglican Church has the slightest use in its liturgy for the masterpieces of Fayrfax, Cornyshe, Ludford and their many colleagues in the Chapel Royal, which he declares to be practically unknown. He considers, moreover, that their works must be sung by the finest choirs and the most skilled soloists available if they are to become a living part of our musical

experience. Such a demand has a universal application: but what should be done supremely well, where ideal conditions exist, is surely also worth doing less well where they are lacking.

The immense achievement of Richard Terry during his twenty-one years as Master of the Music at Westminster Cathedral is not often recalled today, and his name is not mentioned in this book. Terry, however, saw to it that musicians and congregations became aware (to name only these) of the whole extant works of Fayrfax, a number of Ludford's Masses, the two volumes of Byrd's *Cantiones Sacrae* and the two of his *Gradualia*. But for five and a half years from 1918 Terry had to make do with four men, three basses and one alto, with a tenor for only five days in the week, adding enthusiastic amateurs on Sundays and great Feasts: a melancholy tale and, as many choir-masters ruefully know, not one outdated.

No doubt the music Terry performed was often under-rehearsed: but at its best, as the Papal Legate, Cardinal Vanutelli, observed when in London for the Eucharistic Congress of 1908, better singing could not be heard in Europe. Nearly four hundred years before this, as Mr. Stevens quotes in his chapter on History and Liturgy, an Italian visitor to Henry VIII's court described the singing of the choristers at High Mass as 'more divine than human' and the basses (*contrabassi*) as probably having no equal in the whole world.

Choirs have their good and bad periods, influential members of congregations want Mozart and Gounod, Wesley and Stanford; and there is, let us say from Dunstable to Gibbons, too much fine church music chasing too few choirs able to tackle it; although as Mr. Stevens rightly says, the radio and the gramophone record can and do enlarge our knowledge of such music, it needs the liturgical atmosphere and, ideally, in the case of Mass settings, the liturgical tempo, not the fundamentally inartistic performance of one movement after another. The service-lists of music called for above might well show, however, a more hopeful picture than the author depicts, and the publication of his book alone is cause for encouragement.

It has been Mr. Stevens's aim 'to trace the stylistic changes and developments from 1485 until 1603 with special reference to the liturgical forms used principally by composers of the time', to discuss the music rather than the men who wrote it and to provide a survey of the period as a whole instead of concentrating on either the Henrician or Elizabethan period. This task he has fulfilled with the scholarship and readability associated with his name, and some of his many footnotes will be of interest to others than the learned, as, for example, the suggestion that the 'Popish ditties' that Tye 'repented him of' when he changed his allegiance did not include his Masses but 'almost certainly' referred to his Marian antiphons.

Mr. Stevens plots a clear course through the complex history of polyphonic settings of the Ordinary of the Mass in Tudor days except for his explanation of the singing of the Introit and Kyrie (page 25) according, presumably, to the Sarum rite. This may well confuse the reader, and a table such as he gives (on page 40) of the precise nature of alternate plainchant and polyphony in hymn-singing would have been useful here. The succeeding chapters on the Motet,

music for the English Rite, and the role played by instruments (which is of special interest) are followed by a list of available editions of Tudor church music. A novel and a delightful feature of the book is a gramophone record tucked (too tightly) into the cover on which the author directs his Ambrosian Singers in excellent performances of pieces by Fayrfax, Robert Stone, Blitheman, and Byrd. The texts and notes on the music are included in the book.

ALEC ROBERTSON

The English Farmhouse and Cottage

By M. W. Barley.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. £2 15s.

History, as Eileen Power once put it, comprises not only the written down but also the built up, and Mr. Barley's type of history embraces both. His aim is to make the smaller buildings of rural England intelligible: the picturesque and the aesthetic become the historical. He has married architectural observation to research in documents, and in an introductory chapter has a side-look at some of the scanty results of medieval archaeology in pursuit of the houses of the English peasantry. By good fortune the documents become more abundant in the post-medieval period just when the great rebuilding of village houses was at full strength.

This rebuilding (from about 1550 to 1650) was not the first reconstruction of domestic houses; for generations they had been continuously patched till unpatchable and then rebuilt, over and among their old foundations. But now it was not so much single houses forced by dilapidation into replacement as a widespread enthusiasm for new houses for their own sake. At one economic level this produced the much-studied country houses of the gentry and peerage; and at another level Mr. Barley's houses along the village street and (a few) out in the fields. The decay of houses of husbandry at enclosure shows one side of the Tudor see-saw, and the other is seen in these more substantial and more civilized houses of the yeomen farmers, improvers of arable and meadow, graziers of grasslands. Alongside them were the houses of village craftsmen and traders, and the parsonage. These building fashions were taken by the Old Englanders to New England: our Cotswold and East Anglian survivals decorate the travel posters and lure New Englanders back again. Patched and extended and camouflaged they are on their way to give the lie to the Gravediggers in *Hamlet*: 'that frame outlives a thousand tenants.'

Architectural history serves two masters: it is the history of a technology whose pace was set by the availability of materials, inland transport and a few extensions of know-how; it is also a part of social history, with the incomes, tastes and workaday needs of the house-owners moulding the forms of houses. These are the forces which Mr. Barley shows interacting on each other. He has to move in two disciplines and in four dimensions. This less disciplined and dimensioned critic can only salute the wide range of sources and knowledge of the variegated pattern of local economic history. It is this variegation, with the uplands often two steps behind the lowlands, which makes the argument a complex one. Mr. Barley rejects a simple geological determinism for a realistic and adult complexity; for simplicity in exposition the book is arranged by periods and then by regions. He has travelled widely to record in the field and

to research in archives but, oddly, Cornwall is scarcely touched.

The book will stimulate many students of local history and intelligent travellers to keep their eyes wider open and even to get themselves invited to look behind the arras. It may even educate stockbrokers whom estate-agents are cozening with pseudo-Tudor and 'in Barley' may yet add a hundred pounds to a house at the next sale. Fieldworkers would have been

helped by more precise location of the buildings described and planned, for in only one case is there an Ordnance Survey grid reference. The magnificent long-house of Plate XIXb is there ascribed to Dartmoor but to find its name one must turn to the list of Plates. The search is not aided by the farm being given a different name (but the same parish) in the caption to Fig. 17D; Widecombe-in-the-Moor is a large parish and this farm is not named on the one-

inch map. There are other signs of haste: while this reviewer was delighted to find himself given an undeserved degree on one page and a mutual friend rechristened on the next, it is less helpful to find that South Tawton church-house has a pentice on page 8 but is said to lack one on page 7; Kirkby Wharfe is spelt in two different ways on the same page, and Heydour and Haydor seem to be the same place.

M. W. BERESFORD

New Novels

Saturn over the Water. By J. B. Priestley. Heinemann. 18s.

Voices at Play. By Muriel Spark. Macmillan. 16s.

Ruan. By Bryher. Collins. 15s.

Jason. By Henry Treece. Bodley Head. 18s.

THE AGE OF MIRACLES is past: so runs the cliché. But today's novelists would hardly agree. Indeed, if we are to believe them, it has hardly begun. For what we used to think of as miracles turn out to be very ordinary phenomena. The golden fleece, for example, is merely a natural sheepskin which has been left in a gold-bearing stream so that the tiny gold particles collect among its fine hairs until it becomes heavy with gold dust when it is removed from the stream. On the other hand, the political speeches we hear or read every day are not at all what they purport to be: they are part of a conspiracy in which not only men are involved but also 'thrones, principalities, powers, dominions'; these words meaning much the same as they meant to Milton.

Let me consider J. B. Priestley's book first, not merely as an act of homage to an experienced writer who has already given us so much for which to be thankful but because his book is by far the best of the present bunch and is indeed one of the finest novels I have read for some time. It requires patience, for it begins badly, like a James Bond thriller, and only gradually opens out into imaginative vistas which have more in common with the work of the late Charles Williams than with that of any other writer I can think of. Not that Mr. Priestley has been converted to the Church. He remains as ruggedly un-Christian as ever. But his mysticism, always present and visible, has here been codified into a system very akin to Dante's where love moves the sun and the other stars. For, indeed, the codification is based on astrology, though not only that is involved. His title, for example, *Saturn over the Water*, means that Saturn is ruling in the house of Aquarius and since we are apparently moving from the house of Pisces, the Fish, Christianity, into that of Aquarius, the water, the clear cool world of science, a great deal depends on whether Saturn or Uranus dominates the new era. (Only these two are possible.) It is difficult to avoid quoting Mr. Priestley here, but what it boils down to is that Saturn represents rigid authority, the masculine principle, while Uranus works through the sympathetic imagination and stands for the feminine principle. If Saturn does rule over the water then we can expect the northern hemisphere to be destroyed by an atomic holocaust while the millions who are left in the southern become the pawns of a few powerful men.

I am not qualified to judge all this as a piece of astrology, but it certainly allows Mr. Priestley to make a concerted attack on all his pet bogeys, from subliminal advertising through the atom bomb to holiday-resort architecture. Since the first thing one can, and must, demand of an imaginative device is that it allows its creator to integrate and express different aspects of his thought and personality, it must be admitted that this one serves its author's purposes marvellously well. But there is another, and stricter, test of all such devices: that they should persuade us of their inherent probability, if not absolute truth. And here it is that something very strange happens. I do not myself have the remotest belief in astrology. I very much doubt the existence of any supernatural forces. Yet I found Mr. Priestley's book utterly convincing. How is the trick worked?

Partly, I should say, it is a matter of tone. The first person narrator is, as I have hinted, a boulder from the same quarry as James Bond. He is laconic, powerful, not insensitive but not given to fancy thoughts or feelings. He is, to begin with, a bit of a bore, but, under the impact of his strange experiences, he develops into a genuinely heroic figure, much puzzled but unafraid. Then, too, the settings are so well observed whether they be in London, New York, South America, or Australia. Mr. Priestley, indeed, takes us on a Cook's tour of the world and a very knowledgeable guide he turns out to be. I particularly liked a Chilean, named Jones, who, though a Communist agent, saves the life and sanity of the hero. But the book is packed with vivid little portraits of people and places that have all the note of the unexpected which makes them ring authentically true. As long as Mr. Priestley sits at his desk or in a pub I will feel that the world is safe for sensible people.

Muriel Spark, too, is much occupied by the supernatural in her new book, a collage of short stories and pieces for the radio. All the radio pieces, in fact, are concerned with it though none of the stories. It almost looks as though Miss Spark, knowing that the wireless is a medium for the disembodied voice, has concentrated on letting us hear voices on it. Only one of these pieces is really successful, the first one, a tale of adolescent asceticism which rings true because it has a basis in observable experience. The others, unfortunately, are mere ghost stories, creepies, which might be quite effective if

properly produced in their own medium but which hang rather slack on the printed page. The stories are quite different. There is nothing supernatural about them. They are tight, witty, wise, and tragic. My own favourite is called 'A Member of the Family' and tells a wispy tale of disappointed love in a way so subtle and off-hand that it almost disguises the essential tragedy that blights the lives of four women. But there are others which are probably equally good in their different ways.

With *Ruan* we enter the world of high priests and high kings of sixth-century Britain. Cornwall, Wales, and Ireland are all covered in this world of Celts—a world that, in spite of much recent archaeological evidence, remains shrouded in myth and was, in fact, so steeped in superstitions that it is almost impossible to disentangle truth from legend. Yet that is the task that Bryher sets herself and she makes not a bad job of it. I cannot myself find her prose especially distinguished but her scholarship is such that she can axe away the more vicious accumulations of song and story and present us with a coherent picture of what life must have been like in her chosen period. Yet she is never merely pedantic. Her touch is always light. The mixture of races and languages to which those seafaring times lent themselves is brought out organically as part of the plot—a plot that is somewhat sporadic, a little lax, but still manages to integrate many customs and two religions into a kind of unity. For the period in which she has set her story is that in which Christianity first came to Celtic Britain, overturning the old Druidical worship. Ruan's uncle, indeed, is the last high priest of Cornwall, and Ruan, who should have succeeded him, escapes death only by avoiding his duty and becoming a sailor.

The hand of archaeology hangs more heavily from Henry Treece's writing arm. In *Jason* his chief imaginative effort seems to be directed towards destroying the creative efforts of the Greek poets. The sirens, for example, are reduced to a couple of old whores who waded out to sea when a boat passes near the island on which they have been sequestered. Objects, on the other hand, are described with a pedantic detail that can only stem from much burning of the midnight oil. Yet, in spite of these faults and the garrulity of the ancient Jason who is the narrator, the story of the Argonauts is too exciting to be unreadable.

BURNS SINGER

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Building and Transport

BAD ARCHITECTURE is the price we pay for democracy, or so I think when I'm in a good mood. When I have been particularly sickened by the mediocre mess most people live in, I



'On Safari': Michaela Denis with her chimpanzee Charlie

attribute the whole thing to private enterprise. A wild accusation often gets rid of a bad mood. And what happens to the few people who mind enough about what they look at to do something about it—i.e., architects, planners, and designers?

I hinted at a lack of sympathy shown to the architect Theo Crosby and his Constructionist friends in 'Monitor' on July 2. I did this not because I have a special admiration for their architecture but because any intelligent effort to adapt our building to contemporary needs and aspirations is better than none. We should treat carefully the few architects this visually uneducated country produces in the hope that somewhere, some time, a good architect may be allowed to put his ideas into practice.

Maltreatment of architects is not a new hobby. Sir Christopher Wren would have been prevented from putting his ideas into practice had he not outwitted his opponents (in this case the Church) by popping a clause into his agreement which gave him leeway to create St. Paul's more or less the way he wanted to. Sir Basil Spence's programme about Wren, 'The Miracle of Youth', on July 4, showed Wren's original design for St. Paul's, and also his plans for rebuilding the City of London after it had been destroyed by the Great Fire. I missed most of the wonderful engravings of the fire because the alarming sound-track gave my set a fit of horizontal hysterics. Wren's plans were not accepted. The design for St. Paul's was, however, liked by Charles II, but not by the Church who found it too popish. Not content with spoiling Wren's ideas, his employers halved his salary during the construction of St.

Paul's and later reduced it to £2 a week. In 1718 he was sacked, and four years later he died.

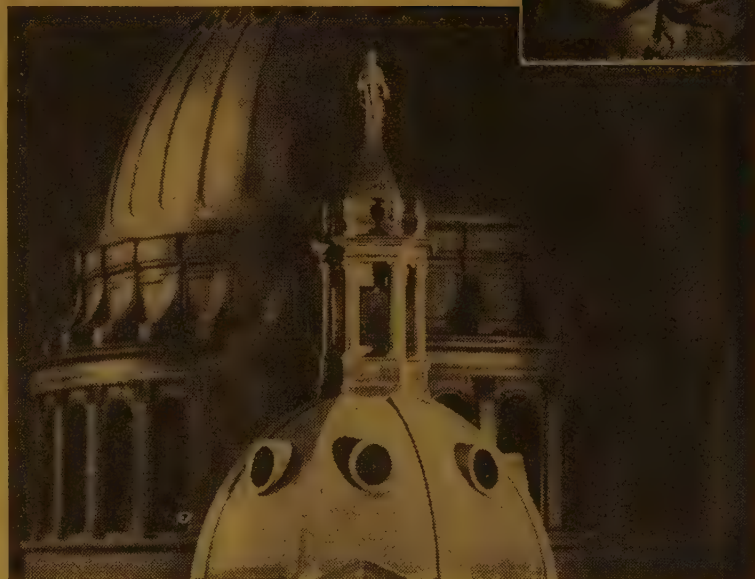
Sir Basil Spence, in this excellent programme, pointed out that twice there has been the opportunity to re-create the City of London—once after the Great Fire and again after the blitz. Wren's plans were turned down, and if there were any plans made after the blitz they must have been turned down too. 'What is our standard of beauty now?' said Sir Basil. 'I sometimes think it is the beautiful sound of crisp pound notes'.

'Gallery' on July 6 contained an interesting item also about building and planning. One of the problems posed was: what is being done to encourage tycoons (or whoever it is that's responsible for erecting City monstrosities) to erect their monstrosities



Welsh coal-miners being interviewed by John Morgan in 'Panorama'

elsewhere? The Conservative speaker was against any form of compulsion to alter the present muddle, while the Labour Party representative was in favour. It seems odd that Conservatives, who hold a more realistic—i.e., pessimistic—view of human nature, should imagine that any business man in his senses is going to conduct his business in any but the most immediately profitable way unless he is forced to. An interesting fact that emerged in the discussion was that only 5 per cent. of London workers use cars to get to work. If I have the figure right one would think that a disproportionate amount of public money is being spent to make things easier



From 'The Miracle of Youth': model of St. Paul's Cathedral made from Wren's original design. Inset: Sir Christopher Wren, a plaster bust by Edward Pierce

for car-drivers when public transport is so appalling.

I wonder if the B.B.C. would have time to compile a really good programme on the subject of planning and transport before the day when people discover that they actually spend more time travelling than working.

In 'Panorama' on July 3 my favourite of the team, John Morgan, was down in Wales investigating the coal situation. It's not too good: 75 per cent. of British power is produced by coal; 800 to 900 men leave the pits every week. Coal-mining is not an attractive job, but the men didn't grumble about the dirt and danger so much as about the feeling they have that those in control don't have any adequate plans.

An unusually good detergent advertisement, I thought, switching guiltily over to the other channel. But no; when I'd sorted things out what I was in fact watching was 'On Safari' (July 7). A chimpanzee was enduring a pro-



'Did Hitler Cause the War?': a discussion with (left to right) Mr. A. J. P. Taylor, Robert Kee (chairman), and Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper

tracted washing session. I don't see why chimpanzees shouldn't be allowed to stay wild and dirty. It's bad enough for poodles who are forced to wash the great city right out of their hair so often, but tame dogs are now extremely neurotic and as obsessed with dirt as their owners. Chimpanzees, *per con*, are still rather charming creatures. I felt sorry for these animals, and was glad they couldn't understand the commentary. It would have added insult to injury.

VERONICA HULL

DRAMA

Pause for Reflections

SOME WEEKS AGO in a *trattoria* in Florence I had my supper gravely interrupted by a televised costume drama. The customers, the waiters and even the cook could not put their minds to *pasta* because they were so much concerned with the passions and fates of Alfred de Musset and Georges Sand. It was a dull play though loud and supplied with a thunderstorm at the crisis, but anything which can distract a Tuscan from cookery must have power.

The Italian approach to viewing seemed to be notably different from ours. In the bigger cafés in Lucca and quieter places rows of chairs were occupied by solid men attending so closely to the screen that they neither ordered drinks nor sustained life by the eating of buns. They sat close and muttered or applauded like a theatre audience. And they gave attention to plays as willingly as to sport or the universal 'quiz'.

Now in these parts those pubs which permit television expect patrons to pretend at least to look at it only sideways, though concentration is permissible for cricket. No doubt the difference is that private sets are fewer in Italy and licensees less urbane in England. But the existence of a grouped audience evidently affected production and acting. In this De Musset affair the players threw their voices and emotions out to us and gave moments of pause for reaction. Our television people would treat this as an error, convinced as they are that the audience is not an audience but an individual or a family at the very most.

I wonder if this is wise. In the theatre many important things happen in silence between lines, yet some televised plays scurry along so fast that actors hardly have time to listen to each other—which is no contemptible part of their art. The purpose is to prevent the viewer wandering away or switching off but I suspect that the method defeats itself and encourages background viewing as much as hypnotized attention. It might be that the accelerated pace and fast cutting of film has also influenced directors and producers by analogy.

By Invitation Only by John Hopkins (July 3) began by seeming to be a satire on the self-importance of advertising agencies. There has been a party preparatory to a possible merger between an agency controlled by an English family and an American firm and everyone left over is busy quarrelling because the son of the house, Charles (John Breslin), has failed to turn up. However, the earnestness of advertising was not mocked and the play settles down to being an exposure of office politics, a study of love, hate, and pity in family life, and a comment on the effect of a crippled arm on the character of Charles. It ended with the break-up of the family and

the firm which was almost an anti-climax after we had seen that every member of it was brimful of emotional dynamite.

The plot complicated itself quickly as crisis piled on crisis and we were kept at a wearing pitch of tension throughout. But it gave the performers opportunities for some distinguished character-mongering. The strongest part of the play was the office intrigue. Griffith Jones was admirable as the cynical Stuart who pursues his ambition with neat bullying and cunning devices of double bluff. And Roger Livesey was very good as the obstinate, well-meaning, but essentially obtuse head of the family and the firm. John Breslin had a difficult time as the crippled son, afraid of pity and insecure in love. The heavy pointing of his clumsiness with the crippled arm on his first entrance weakened a sound performance with overmuch preparation. His protecting sister (Clare Austin) had too many denunciations to work through to be sympathetic or credible.

The disclosure on which the plot turned was that Charles's step-mother Elisabeth (Helen Lindsay) had once slept with him out of charity and let him think it was love. How this event and its motivation could have been kept quiet for any length of time in such an explosive and explanatory company was not clear. But the scene between Helen Lindsay and Roger Livesey after the discovery was fully convincing in its quietness and use of half-statements and part-misunderstandings. When the dialogue ran in uncompleted sentences and hints it was skilful and good. The trouble came with the big speeches.

I got lost in the crowd of characters and tangled in the web of intrigue of *Design for Murder* (July 6). So much so that I am still hazy about who killed whom and why and how. The scene of the play, a theatre at rehearsal time, was good and creepy, and there were good patches of comedy and bitchy conversation. But so much suspicion and intrigue overcrowded an hour.

FREDERICK LAWS



By Invitation Only, with Roger Livesey as Philip Gordon-Davies, Clare Austin (centre) as his daughter Caroline, and Helen Lindsay as Elisabeth, his second wife

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Unfamiliar Myths

TWO PRODUCTIONS last week served to remind us of the degree to which the theatre is dependent upon the general acceptance of myth and a society's legend of itself. David Thomson presented *Sotoba Komachi*, a Japanese Noh play, in a medieval version by Kwanami and followed it with a modern version of the same theme by Yukio Mishima (Third, July 5). With the help of recorded excerpts from a Japanese production Mr. Thomson contrived to convey something of the atmosphere of the Japanese theatre but could not, understandably, bring to the microphone the subtlety of the interplay of sound and mime which plays an important part in Japanese theatrical excitement. The early play was explained in a narration written by Geoffrey Bownas who managed to make clear the intention of the Noh. His introduction considerably helped one's appreciation of the modern play by Mishima but though the knowledge of the earlier play helped in one way it made me realize in another that one needs not only to digest Zen philosophy and the Japanese medieval theatre but to be acquainted with a realm of myth that is foreign and exotic before one can appreciate Japanese theatre in depth. Mr. Thomson's production came near to persuading me that I understood the notion of *Komachi* at least in so far as she represents the battle between age and youth, but there was obviously so much more that would not appeal and have impact unless one were immersed in Japanese myth and history.

The same kind of approach is necessary to an appreciation of *The Confederacy* by Vanbrugh (Third, July 7) which was faithfully produced by Raymond Raikes. Vanbrugh's reputation can be compared to that of a man who has a great reputation as a wit but whose stature suffers whenever another person repeats his witticisms. So much of the context of Vanbrugh's theatre and society is now lost to us and the mannerisms which once gave it appeal and underlined its humour now seem artificial. Mr. Raikes sensibly decided to produce the play as if it were being enacted



Design for Murder, with (left to right) Kathleen Byron as Elizabeth Carr, Sydonie Platt as Delia Mitchell, Alan Wheatley as Philip Benson, Constance Chapman as Milly Egerton, and Charles Gray as Rex Berkely

in 1705 and thus made one more contribution to a historical study of the English theatre. As a creation designed to capture the spirit of the time this production succeeded but in its success it simultaneously reminded one of a different kind of theatre audience, the kind of audience which today looks upon the theatre solely as an entertainment.

Wit does not outlast its social context, and I suspect that *Break for Commercials* by Gyles Adams (Home, July 8) which displayed some technical brilliance in the development of comic plot will seem weary to an audience in fifty years' time. The play derived its comedy from the conflict in the mind of a fading actress between her dislike for television commercials and her need of the money they could give her. Her conflict was given edge by the appearance of a Restoration rival, an actress who has had some success in America. The denouement that the rival was also in need of money and didn't care where she obtained it was predictable at an early stage, but Mr. Adams earned my admiration for the way in which he occasionally hinted that he was going to employ slapstick and then dismissed his opportunity so as to make way for a better and more sophisticated joke. I could admire the wit on occasions but I could not imagine it lasting any longer than Vanbrugh's.

The balance between entertainment and didacticism is nowhere more confused in the contemporary theatre than it is in the work of J. B. Priestley. His *Bright Day* (Home, July 3) makes claim to a moral view but no amount of assertion that Priestley is a social reformer dispels the feeling that the moral is tacked uncomfortably to a story that might have been written with less pretension by Howard Spring. The doings of a family whose father is involved in a Yorkshire mill before 1914 are re-told sentimentally through the eyes of Gregory Dawson who seems to have a large resemblance to the author. The line of the argument is predictable. The Yorkshiremen are good types, the Londoners are immoral business men who do not care about the traditions of the wool business. At the end we are supplied with a silver lining consolation which is supposed to condition us into accepting both the good and the bad types. This would not be bad if one had not been given the feeling that Mr. Priestley had begun in anger. So often he promises to be another Stendhal and then deserts.

The best chuckle of the week came from J. Maclaren-Ross's *The High Priest* (Home, July 5) which was a story narrated by the author of a craze for Buddhism in a French childhood. One of the boys is made High Priest and all the children who play in a public park are browbeaten into belonging to the cult. A rival cult of Brahmins then develops and a battle between the two forces is ended only by the end of the holidays. It at first seemed that Mr. Maclaren-Ross was aiming merely at the current fad of Zen but he concluded that there was something vicious about all dogmatically held beliefs. His dry, expensive voice made a good foil for the voices of the boys who could, I am sure, have sounded more like boys than they did.

IAN RODGER

THE SPOKEN WORD



Delicate Religion

IN AN ECUMENICAL year which has seen the establishing of friendly relations between Canterbury and Rome, I was interested to note a discussion between an agnostic and a Christian on 'The Meaning of Jesus' (Third, July 3). I had been hoping it would be organized on the lines of a 'medieval' disputation and that at last we were going to hear a friendly, but scholarly, approach

to a subject that, though of supreme importance to us, is usually avoided.

We heard Professor Ronald Gregor Smith of the University of Glasgow, and the agnostic J. P. Corbett, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, together with a commentator, David Jenkins, Chaplain of Queen's College, Oxford. Mr. Corbett began the discussion by suggesting that unless one recognizes the claims of one's neighbour, if only from a purely humanistic point of view, life becomes intolerable. It was an unusual opening gambit and I fully expected Professor Smith, as a Christian scholar, to retaliate with equal force. I was disappointed with his reply that Christianity was just that—a coming out of oneself.

The 'exploratory dialogue' dealt with miracles, death and resurrection, dogma, the messianic cult, mythology in the Gospels—a list that any theologian would long to get his teeth into. Professor Smith, however, allowed himself to be forced into using rationalistic terms whereby Jesus became only a 'historical' figure and the Crucifixion merely an execution. While Mr. Corbett accepted the 'ethical' Jesus he could not see any reason to believe in his divinity, and returned once more to his modern humanism.

When it came to the subject of Eternal Life, and Mr. Corbett said that it was a matter of a person's seeing or not seeing, the commentator interrupted to say a block had been reached; the discussion had gone too far, too fast. What had really happened was that the discussion had made no progress at all. One sympathized with Mr. Corbett who had stated his view and was open to argument. Professor Smith was too reserved and unconvincing, and one kept on wishing that Mr. Corbett could be allowed to argue with someone who would not compromise. Religion has always been a delicate subject because it is a peculiarly personal experience and therefore difficult, if not sometimes impossible, to communicate. But there must be a valid starting point somewhere, and I felt that if Professor Smith had questioned his opponent more forcefully he would have discovered a small crack in the agnostic's armour on which he could work.

Toward the end of the programme Mr. Corbett made the shattering statement that 'extinction was the one thing that made life possible; one then ceased to demand for oneself'. This reminded me of Camus's declaration: 'Only one thing has been demanded of our generation and that is the capacity to face despair'. It was at this point that Mr. Corbett needed the assurance he is searching for, but he will need an opponent as strong-minded as himself and as eloquent; someone like François Mauriac who could reply: 'Impossible that God should exist: impossible that God should not exist'.

From religion on the Third Programme to abandonment of religion in 'Woman's Hour' for July 4, when we heard Mrs. Julia Bayliss give her reasons for leaving the Church of England. After seven years she now thinks that the Christian idea of a loving God is nonsense because it is obvious that there is also a cruel God. She is now convinced that God is nothing but a useful invention—perhaps she would have agreed with Gide who spoke of the 'need to give life a density which religion so cleverly satisfies'. She blames the Crucifixion for unnecessary suffering and cites the usual two examples—the Crusades and the Inquisition, both of which, she affirmed, were as bad as communism or nazism. I hope she was not thinking in numerical terms. Six million Jews were slaughtered for an idea, partly biological, not for an ideal.

Edith Stein, Bergson, Maritain, to name just three great contemporaries who might provide Mrs. Bayliss with an answer to her question 'Why do Christians think they are so special?' Her last remark that repentance is the way of

the coward, leads me to wonder what alternative she has to offer. If she entirely rejects religion what is left to fill the vacuum but an organized materialism?

I felt at the end of both these programmes, when nothing fruitful had been accomplished, that St. Augustine would intervene and end the whole problem with his pre-Reformation remark 'Rome has spoken; the case is concluded'.

We have heard much of the association between Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller, and what should have been a remarkable piece of literary revelation turned out to be a quaint vignette of a party in a borrowed Paris flat. In 'Reunion in Paris' (Third, July 2) Mr. Mullins spoke with charm and intimacy but he kept us waiting too long, and for a moment I wondered whether the two writers were going to materialize or not. Of the conversation between them we were given very little indeed, but we did hear Durrell console Miller with the comment: 'Never mind, Henry, they'll publish your books in England some day'. A slightly pathetic situation where the aging master of realistic writing will now have to learn from his pupil.

MICHAEL SWAN

MUSIC



A Televised Recital

MOST OF US are in two minds about the prospects of recitals and concerts on television. The purists have no use for the camera at all; it is distracting, off-putting, and for the mind engaged in abstract musical contemplation, irritating and even vulgar. Though I sympathize with this outlook, I do not think that on a broader plane it can be defended. Music is not music unless the senses are roused, and I have somewhere the belief that, once the secret is found, television may be a blessing to musical performance, drawing out and enriching music's buried responses and associations. I wish I could say that the televised recital of Nina Milkina (July 3) approached an experience of this kind. The fumbblings in the visual representation of music are of course an easy target, and I have no intention of contributing to the ungenerous onslaught. But it must be said that this particular recital turned out to be strangely uncommunicative. Miss Milkina played admirably—at least one presumed it was this distinguished pianist, for it was not until half way through the programme that a glimpse was offered of her arresting features. Otherwise hands, hands, and hands, expressive, certainly, but not enough. Throughout the first part of Chopin's 'Raindrop' Prelude we gazed upon the immovable hulk of the grand piano, presumably in the nature of a 'still', but with the important performer almost squeezed off the screen. During the pieces by Scriabin, Rachmaninov, and Prokofiev there were the familiar end-on-views of the keyboard, always looking something like a ghostly railway track, but hardly any device of pattern or composition to echo or deepen the character of these pieces.

Visitors to the Cheltenham Festival of British Contemporary Music have come back with a much richer picture of the new music heard there than was offered last week to radio listeners. Oddly, the programme of the single relay from this festival (Third, July 6) presented only one British work, Don Banks's chamber sonata written in memory of Matyas Seiber, the remainder of the programme consisting of works by Mozart, Debussy, and Stravinsky. I fancy Mr. Banks wrote this work rapidly, for its effects—the clarinet gurgling in the chalumeau, tinkling piano figurations set off by vibrating cymbals—were nearly always foreseeable, like those of a competent journalist, too badgered to be in command of words and who ends up by

being at the mercy of them. Stravinsky's Septet, given at the same concert, becomes more likable on closer acquaintance, provided you listen with a score. The pleasure of this intellectualized music is less in its sounds than in the sight of its contrapuntal complexities on the printed page. Indeed, its contrapuntal puzzles are hardly intelligible without the clues to them in their notation. This is not because Stravinsky's counterpoint is complex in itself—by comparison with Bach his counterpoint is child's play—but because the ear refuses to accept the musical order on which his counterpoint is based, namely, an order, if this is really the word, in which there is no distinction between consonance and dissonance. Characteristically, the three

movements of this Septet are a series of miniatures—a miniature canoni, a miniature passacaglia, and a miniature fugue—in the manner of all Stravinsky's works from *Petrouchka* onwards. (I can think only of the closing section of the *Symphony of Psalms* showing an abundant and sustained flow of inspiration.) Historically, the spirit of counterpoint, like the spirit of pure mathematics, springs from, or is allied to, abstract philosophies. Miniature counterpoint is therefore almost a contradiction in terms. I like Stravinsky's three conceits forming this Septet well enough, but I imagine they will eventually be assessed as belated offspring of the great contrapuntal traditions, hermetic, tiny, and sophisticated.

The unknown String Quartet of the twenty-three-year-old Schönberg (Third, July 5) was a delightful surprise, an example of early flowering Schönberg, fresher and more affecting than *Verklärte Nacht*, more genuine than the *Gurrelieder*. Here are some of the notes I felt compelled to jot down on this spontaneous and melodious work. 'Haunted by Brahms and Schumann. Opening of the second movement very lovely; cross between Mendelssohn and Strauss. Charming! Third movement a set of variations; beautiful, decorative effects in the string writing. Construction of the final rondo (opening theme borrowed from Dvořák?) rather insecure; full of warmth, decidedly sensuous'.

EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

'Elegy for Young Lovers'

By DONALD MITCHELL

Hans Werner Henze's opera will be broadcast at 5.30 p.m. on Saturday, July 15 (Third)



THE LIBRETTISTS of Hans Werner Henze's most recent opera, *Elegy for Young Lovers*, are W. H. Auden and Chester Kallman, who also wrote the book—and a largely brilliant one—for Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*. It is clear from the last volume of the Stravinsky-Craft conversations (*Memories and Commentaries*) that Stravinsky had, from the start, a clear idea of what he wanted in the way of a libretto: 'I wrote to Auden, telling him of my *Rake's Progress* idea'. The subject of the opera, at least, was pre-determined by the composer. There does not seem to have been so clear-cut an idea behind the conception of the *Elegy*. Mr. Auden tells us, for example, that 'before we knew anything else . . . we knew from Mr. Henze that he wanted to compose a "chamber" opera for a small cast with no chorus, and for a small subtle orchestra; he also wanted a subject and situation which would call for tender, beautiful noises'. It was these 'conditions', suggested by the composer, which were the librettists' point of departure.

One cannot lay down laws for the process of artistic creation, least of all in the sphere of opera, which brings into play the creative influences of so many varied talents. None the less, I wonder if the spectacle of both composer and librettists in search of a subject is not a slightly disconcerting one? This impression was confirmed, rather than dissolved, by my experience of the completed work at the recent Schwetzingen Festival, where the *Elegy* was given its first German production. The contrivance of the libretto suggested to me that it had been hatched in a literary incubator. I should have felt happier if the text had been born of the fiery union that can result when a strong musical impulse meets the right dramatic idea.

The subject of the Auden-Kallman text, is, in fact, literature. Indeed, the whole opera is a kind of elaborate pun. (Does one distinguish the hand of Mr. Auden here?) The *Elegy* is not only the title of the poem upon which the central figure in the drama, Mittenhofer, a celebrated poet, is engaged. The completion of the opera is also the completion of his masterpiece. The dramatic events of the opera are the stuff out of which he spins his poetry. 'Tread softly because you tread on my dreams'. But this is not the quotation from Yeats that fits the case, since it is part of the librettists' purpose to teach us that the artist-genius of the nineteenth century (a myth personified by Mittenhofer) was able to create only by feeding on the dreams of

others or by trampling on them if needs be. Thus Mittenhofer, a Master in the grandest Austro-German tradition (I cannot help thinking it a limitation that the particular type of Meisterness of Mittenhofer is unthinkable outside Germany or Scandinavia), nourishes his inspiration on the visions of an elderly widow and the personalities of those who surround him, like moths round a candle-flame. He is currently devouring a young woman, Elisabeth, who falls in love with Toni, his doctor's son.

Mittenhofer eventually seems to accept their relation but his poem, or so one must assume, needs a tragedy. (How else could it be an elegy?) He allows the young couple to die in a mountain storm and is able to complete his poem, with a 'reading' of which the opera ends. The poem, needless to add, is dedicated to the memories of the young lovers. On one level, of course, this is nothing more than the conventional triangular pattern of jealous love. But it is also a symbolic representation of the plight of the artist-genius, for whom life must be sacrificed in the interests of art. It is another quotation from Yeats that Mr. Auden takes as his motto: 'The intellect of man is forced to choose Perfection of the life or of the work'.

It is clear, I think, that the nature of this curious libretto imposes a special responsibility on the composer. The opera, after all, is both how the elegy came to be written and the elegy itself. We do not, of course, hear the poem. What we do hear is Henze's music, Mittenhofer's elegy translated, as it were, into music. Henze himself has something to say on this subject. 'Broadly speaking one can say that the writing of the poem on which the Master is engaged throughout the three acts, is paralleled by the stages of development of the music, growing constantly like a plant, forming leaves and branches and at last becoming a tree'.

This poetic idea, on the face of it, would seem to present a challenge to the composer. He must find a form which 'grows' to completion in a sense rather different from the usual meaning of the word when used in a musical context. In the special case of this opera, the growing-pains of Mittenhofer's poem must have an audible reality. This is a complicated obligation since the opera, like the libretto, works on two levels—art and life are inextricably mixed, even though, ultimately, art gains the upper hand. The composer, in fact, has to account for both Mittenhofer, the man, and the product of his cannibal-genius, his poem.

'Mr. Henze gives us a hint of the way in which he has attempted to solve the problem. 'The

Master', he writes, 'dominates the whole structure with his order of intervals . . . whereas the two young lovers slowly create a world of their own which develops as the plot advances to the exclusion of all other elements'. Since it is the lovers who provide Mittenhofer, however unwittingly, with the final solution of his creative endeavours, they are, so to speak, the poem itself. Thus when their music takes over 'to the exclusion of all other elements', it is the poem itself which assumes command. Even Mittenhofer's own ego is consumed by it. The artist-genius and his sources of inspiration are all transformed into art. (Mittenhofer, however, is still alive to read his poem, whereas the luckless lovers have to rest content with the immortality bestowed upon them by the old monster's craft.)

I cannot claim to have experienced this subtle transformation of the musical material when I heard the opera in Schwetzingen, but it may well prove that increased familiarity with the score, and hearing the work sung in English, its original language, will clarify the aural picture. If Mr. Henze has succeeded in finding a recognizable musical image to match the literary idea which is the kernel of the opera, then one must, in fairness, concede that the text has its special musical properties.

The Glyndebourne production may enable us to come to some definite conclusion. What will certainly be clear, as it was in Schwetzingen, is the fertility of the composer's invention. The new opera never runs short of ideas though sometimes the ideas run thin. It interests me that Mr. Henze had in mind 'tender, beautiful noises' as a feature of his opera. His piled-up textures have always been very striking, often both tender and beautiful. In the *Prince of Homburg*, for example, his dense, complex chords (a finger-print of his style) hang in the air like motionless clouds.

There is plenty of textural enterprise in the *Elegy*, the chamber orchestra of which includes an unusually extensive percussion section. But the ear, or at least my ear, does not live by textures alone, however intriguing. It craves for melody. Mr. Henze, perhaps the most eclectic and intelligently synthetic of the younger composers, does not leave us wholly famished in this sphere. Indeed, he sometimes relies on conventional melodic means to establish a characterization—the coloratura of the vision-racked widow is a case in point. But the opera did not leave me with an overwhelming impression of melodic strength. I wonder, in fact, if melody is not the Achilles heel of this immensely gifted composer?

Bridge Forum

Hands from European Championships—I

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



THIS YEAR'S European Bridge Championship will be held at Torquay between Sunday, September 24, and Thursday, October 5. About fifteen countries will take part, fielding teams of from four to six players. Each team will play a match of 40 hands (or 'boards', as they are called in the tournament world) against each other team. It is the first time that Britain has been the host country since 1950.

European championships have been held since the middle nineteen-thirties. In those days the central European countries, Austria and Hungary, were the strongest force. Those great teams were broken up by the war and when the championships were resumed in 1948 Britain won for the first time at Copenhagen. Britain had further successes in Paris the next year and at Brighton in 1950. Her next win was at Montreux in 1954. After a win for France the following year there began a series of victories for the brilliant Italian team, who have also carried off the world championship on four occasions.

Bridge on the B.B.C. Network Three is to return on October 1, with a live broadcast from Torquay, and until then we shall recall each week some famous hands and events from earlier championships. We begin with a deal played between Britain and Norway in 1950, which shows that there is a good deal of luck even in duplicate bridge. The hand occurred in the

second half of the match, with Britain holding a fair lead at the time: Dealer, South; Game all:

NORTH		SOUTH	
♠	A J 2	♠	K 5 4
♥	A K J 10 6 4 2	♥	7 3
♦	—	♦	K J 10 6 2
♣	8 3 2	♣	Q 10 4

WEST		EAST	
♠	K 5 4	♠	3
♥	7 3	♥	Q 8
♦	K J 10 6 2	♦	Q 9 8 7 4 3
♣	Q 10 4	♣	J 9 7 6

SOUTH		NORTH	
♠	Q 10 9 8 7 6	♠	3
♥	9 5	♥	Q 8
♦	A 5	♦	Q 9 8 7 4 3
♣	A K 5	♣	J 9 7 6

The British pair bid accurately as follows:

SOUTH		NORTH	
1S		3H	
3S		4H	
5H		5S	
6H		No	

Note that South did not use any ace-demanding convention over his partner's Four Hearts: having the two side aces himself he asked partner to accept the slam invitation if he had sufficient values in the major suits. With the queen of hearts falling and the king of spades right, thirteen tricks were made.

At the other table (for in duplicate matches

the same hands are replayed by other players) the Norwegian pair reached Seven:

SOUTH		NORTH	
1S		3H	
3S		5C	
5NT		7S	
No			

Five Clubs was a conventional 'asking' bid: that is to say, it was recognized by partner as asking for information about controls in the club suit. South's response of Five No Trumps promised either: (1) second round control of clubs and two aces; or (2) ace of clubs and a side ace. North could tell from his own holding that on this occasion South was showing the two aces. When he bid Seven he was gambling that there would be no spade loser, and the gamble came off.

The grand slam was rather worse than an even chance and in tournament play, as in rubber bridge, grand slams should be bid only when the odds are distinctly in favour. As it turned out, Norway gained 750 points on the deal; this was translated into 7 international match points.

On the very next hand a contract of Six Spades depended also on the position of the king of trumps. This time the king was on the wrong side. Britain bid the slam and went down, Norway stopped in game. However, Britain recovered from these two blows and went on to win the match and the championship.

LESSON 4

THE CAPITAL OF ENGLAND is in LONDON. It is kept in the BANK OF ENGLAND by the old lady of Threadneedle Street.



The Great Seal in the London Zoo.

GUINNESS

London Guide

THE TOWER OF LONDON is full of beef eaters and Guinness drinkers. Nelson, who beat the French fair and square at Trafalgar is buried in ST. PAULS CATHEDRAL that fine example of Wrenaissance architecture.

LONDON HAS WHITEHALL where the servants are very civil, and THE CITY where the companies are very livery. PICCADILLY is a circus. WESTMINSTER is even more of one. LONDON BRIDGE is always falling down. GREENWICH is where you can enjoy Guinness in the mean time.

LONDON HAS PLENTY OF hubbubs. There is, for example, a Rotten Row in Hyde Park.

London also has subbubs. These are reached by the INNER TUBE which goes to Tooting, Whopping, Epping, Acting and Eeling. London is famous for jams.



In a Convent Garden.



Statues of 'Eros'

Wherever you go you get
GUINNESS
It's a wonderful town!

HOME DRESSMAKING—II

ANN AUSTIN on using paper patterns



THE FIRST THING is to become familiar with your pattern. Take the instruction sheet, or the delta, as it is sometimes called, and study it carefully. Do this in conjunction with the pattern pieces—so that you understand the whys and wherefores of each piece, and its function in the garment. Put back into the packet the pieces you are not concerned with—the alternative sleeves or collars. At this point check your skirt length—add or subtract the required amount, allowing 2½ to 3 inches for your hem. Also check your bodice length: on most patterns the place to measure this is from that slightly prominent bone at the back of your neck (the scye bone)—measure from there to your waist line.

The best place to cut out is the floor—unless you possess an extremely large table. Spread the material right out, straightening the selvages and smoothing it all. Then lay the pattern pieces on the material, following the instructions for your size and your material width. Do not pin until you are satisfied everything is there. Some patterns indicate the 'grain' of the material—that is, the direction of the thread in the weave—by a series of large holes. A tip here is to draw in these holes on the paper pattern with a pencil or crayon line, then place the pattern piece on the material with this line parallel to the selvedge. This can alter the hang of the frock if not carefully observed. Where the instructions tell you to open out the material to cut pieces singly, be careful to reverse the pattern for the second piece, to have a left and right sleeve or, perhaps, bodice.

Take your largest scissors, and cut with long cuts. This produces a cleaner edge. Cut the whole garment out at once, throw away the little scraps, roll up the larger ones. At this point cut out the interfacings, if they are necessary. They help to make a much more professional collar or rever and prevent stretching and sagging of the seam.

The next stage is to mark each piece. The marks on the edge are simple—just small snips as indicated on the paper pattern. You use these to match the seams later on. For the darts and markings within the piece there are many devices on the market. The one I now use is a form of coloured carbon paper and a tracing wheel. Clear instructions for its use are on the packet. Mark all the pattern pieces before you start to sew. This organizing makes the world of difference to your work.

Here is an explanation of some terms encountered in patterns: 'Baste' means to tack. For this use a contrasting coloured thread, 'Tailor's tacking': I have by-passed this by using the coloured carbon paper—but it is a method of marking with large, loose threads which you snip off at each mark. 'With or without nap': strictly speaking, this means the pile of velvet, or similar materials, but in a pattern it refers to material with a 'one-way-only' design, as well as velvet. 'Slashing': just cut along the line indicated; you might meet this term in connexion with a gusset. Another confusing instruction is a 'stay', which is a strip of material inside the garment placed to control folds and drapes.

Finally, trust the manufacturers of the paper

pattern and follow the instructions implicitly until you feel confident of your prowess—then you can take some short cuts.

—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

In *The Young Housewife's Cook Book* (Faber, 16s.) Janet W. Matthews has concentrated on method, and has given only a few recipes in detail, each representing many of the same type, to illustrate the general methods used in roasting, stewing, boiling, making cakes, and so on. Mrs. Matthews has drawn on her experience of thirty years of running a house, a family, and a job, at the same time cooking every day, to produce a practical and sympathetic guide for newcomers to the kitchen.

Notes on Contributors

ALEC NOVE (page 43): Reader in Russian Social and Economic Studies, London University; author of *Communist Economic Strategy* and (with Desmond Donnelly) *Trade with Communist Countries*

V. L. ALLEN (page 51): Lecturer in Industrial Economics, Leeds University, author of *Power in Trade Unions*, *Trade Union Leadership* and *Trade Unions and the Government*

WALTER ULLMANN (page 53): Reader in Medieval Ecclesiastical History, Cambridge University, and Fellow of Trinity College; author of *The Medieval Idea of Law*, *Medieval Papalism*, *The Growth of Papal Government in the Middle Ages*, etc.

D. R. HARRIS (page 57): Lecturer in Law, Oxford University, and Tutor in Jurisprudence at Balliol College

BRYAN ROBERTSON (page 64): Director of the Whitechapel Art Gallery; author of *Jack-son Pollock*

DONALD MITCHELL (page 73): on the music staff of the *Daily Telegraph*; author of *Gustav Mahler*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,624

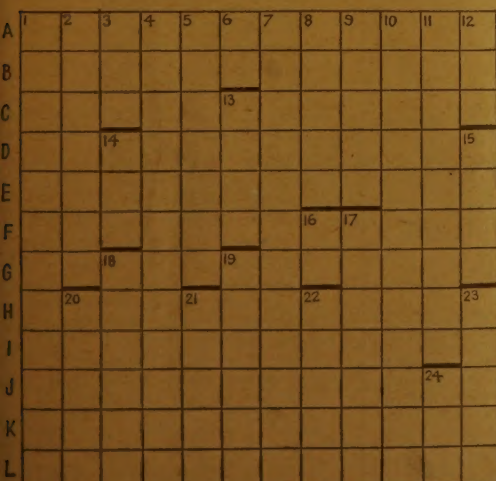
Cyclic Fours—III

By Topher

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, July 20. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Each across line of the diagram is to contain three four-letter words written consecutively, but not necessarily starting at the beginning of the line, since the latter is to be regarded as cyclic, e.g., one line might read



BY/ROLL/GRIN/PO. For each of the words in a line the true clue is a single word hidden in the apparent clue for that line. The order of the hidden clues is not necessarily the same as the order of the corresponding lights, and punctuation should be disregarded. Down clues are normal. R=reversed.

CLUES—ACROSS

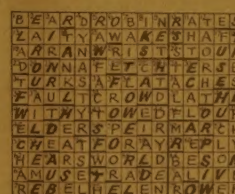
- A. Although the paradox is obvious, under standing orders adequate space must be left for sitting
- B. Stop endeavouring to interpret external characteristics alone—that's how errors arise
- C. I don't like the place: rates are high and a man told me there's no electric light—oil still used for the lamps
- D. Cream on gooseberries? As well gild lilies, paint roses or employ ermine to trim mink
- E. That capitalist owns hippodromes and circuses and is counted among the millionaires: sports such as tennis he disdains
- F. 'A wee centaur?—Och!' said Sandy. 'You saw it here? Ah weel, our Scottish preserves seldom disappoint our visitors!'
- G. Drop a postcard to say you have got my letter and enclosures: no formal acknowledgement required
- H. Their dislike of cheap pearl buttons and also urchin hair-cuts was mutually agreed
- I. Bucks without does? What a proper mess you've made of it!
- J. Take that disc off. If a real musician heard a shameful noise like that, he would shoot you
- K. This nasty legend produces hysteria and is as terrifying to adults as to children
- L. Do wear your latest from the tailor. I entertained the idea of trying it with re-entrant lapels

DOWN

1. Better memorise the trail round the glen (12)
2. Argue—and in Latin? Make a truce, even though it's old-fashioned (7)
- 3R. Endless dog fish (3)
4. To injure about a score can safely be ignored (12)
5. Get worked up about the nudes in Paris perhaps (7)

- 6R & 24. Cheese-scoop, one third dry and not so deep (5)
7. Thus goes around The joyful sound: We objective; All destructive (12)
8. Trees suitable for telegraphic communications (5)
9. Relaxed in the court where a seditious libel is heard (5)
10. Corrupting to assign an umpire who is busy (12)
11. Cup team in crash by air (9)
- 12 & 16. Not in tallow! (5)
13. See 23
14. Announce a come-back in serial form (3)
15. Concerned with batting control (4)
16. See 12
17. Rural as an inside right in favour (7)
18. The ship's cook to tamper with the sherry (6)
- 19R. Originates from levis (6)
20. In this book a Pilgrim Father hides an inhabitant of the Congo (5)
21. A merry time in a converted school (5)
22. Worth the ocean to a demoiselle with sex-appeal (5)
- 23 & 13. The abbot in the middle of all his deerstalking is overbearing (9)
24. See 6R

Solution of No. 1,622



NOTES

Across: 35. anag. of Spahi; 54. anag. of tawse. Down: 6. Poe; 21 & 42. *The Rehearsal*; 26. Burns; 33. Meas. for Meas. 51. Hamlet.

The linking words were: bland, cabin, Pater, batty, await, chaff, apron, print, stoat, Diana, fence, throe, ticks, aglet, aphid, gaunt, creed, Latin, ditty, treed, flair, ember, Ophir, munch, sweat, stray, jelly, hours, wound, below, amble, Grace, algae, ravel, haven, riser.

1st prize: A. H. Carey (Sutton); 2nd prize: E. T. Moore (Harston); 3rd prize: J. Crowther (Kirkby Lonsdale)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Study at Home for a DEGREE

No matter what your position or prospects a University Degree is a good thing to have. You can obtain a London University Degree without attending the University: it is necessary only to pass three examinations (in some cases two). You can read for these in your leisure hours with the experienced help of Wolsey Hall (founded 1894). Conducted by a staff of over 100 Graduate Tutors, Wolsey Hall Postal Courses have enabled thousands of men and women to graduate and thereby raise their status and their salaries. **PROSPECTUS** (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, C.B.E., LL.B., Director of Studies, Dept. FE85.

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

Get ahead—stay ahead!

A Mayflower Postal GCE Course puts you ahead, quickly, economically. That means you are ahead all along the line—to promotion, university entrance, professional diplomas. So easy too. In the comfort and familiar surroundings of your own home you learn at your own speed: no tiresome lectures to attend, no travelling. You are taught expertly by qualified teachers; tuition is guaranteed, fees are low and you can pay as you learn.

Send today for **FREE prospectus:**

MAYFLOWER COLLEGE
DEPT. L.23,

Masons Avenue, Croydon

"PELMANISM GAVE ZEST TO LIFE"

"**LIVING** in a half-hearted way for many years before embarking on the Pelman Course, in the past year I have learned more and profited more than during the whole preceding period. Pelmanism gave zest to the life that was once timorous. All hesitancy was banished and self-assurance took its rightful place." (D.51062)

This letter is one of many similar messages constantly being received by the Pelman Institute from men and women in all parts of the world.

Even the most cursory glance through the daily correspondence of the Institute reveals the fact that Pelmanism is accomplishing an excellent work in training the minds, improving the prospects, and increasing the happiness of thousands of men and women of all ranks of life and engaged in practically every known profession, trade and occupation.

Remember—Everything you do is preceded by your attitude of mind

Pelmanism is a simple system of Practical Psychology which banishes the defects that "keep you down" and develops just those qualities and faculties so necessary in every sphere of life.

Send for the Free Book

The Pelman Course is fully explained in "The Science of Success" which will be sent, gratis and post free.

POST THIS FREE COUPON TODAY

Pelman Institute, 82, Norfolk Mansions, Wigmore Street, London W.1.
"The Science of Success" please.

Name.....

Address.....

Established over 65 years WELbeck 1411



ARITHMETICS

The CUISINAIRE rods have started a revolution in MATHS teaching. 5 year olds can now explore the number world with immense zest. The older child who is BLOCKED quickly loses his fear of figures and forges ahead. The able boy discovers for HIMSELF principles that powerfully develop his insight and capacity.

NOW AVAILABLE for the home in gift box with 10-colour book for 4 to 8 year olds. Cannot cause confusion in school work.

PARTICULARS and re-print from NEW SCIENTIST FREE ON REQUEST. Box complete with book Post free U.K. only. cash with order. 37/6
Gattegno-Pollock Educational Co. Ltd.
11, CROWN STREET, READING

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical and the most convenient means of preparing for General Certificate of Education and Prelim. exams.: for B.A., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., etc. external London University Degrees: for Civil Service, Local Government, and commercial exams.: for professional exams. in Law Accountancy, Costing, Secretaryship and Personnel Management for Dip. in Marketing, Inst. of Export, etc. exams. Many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in business subjects.

MORE THAN 200,000 EXAM. SUCCESSSES
Guarantee of Coaching until Successful.
Text-book Lending Library. Moderate fees payable by instalments.

Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary (D1/1).

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
ST. ALBANS

or call 30, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4

UNIVERSITY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

Students are prepared by postal lessons for: **GENERAL CERTIFICATE OF EDUCATION**

Ordinary and Advanced Levels; London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern Univs., and all other Boards

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON

Entrance requirements, and Degree Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.(Econ.), LL.B., B.D., B.M.

Diploma in Mathematics
Bar (Pts. I & II), and other exams

Private Study Courses given in Languages, Science Subjects, Sociology, Economics, &

The College, founded 1887, is an Educational Trust, with a staff of highly qualified Tutors. Reasonable fees; instalments. Textbook library.

PROSPECTUS post free from the Registrar
56 Burlington House, Cambridge

Be a Master of English

You are Judged by the Way
You Speak and Write

Improve your English quickly and enjoyably by post.

Many students say that the Effective English Course is the best investment they have ever made. The tuition is so planned that you gain noticeable improvement within a few hours.

The moderate fee puts this unique Course within the reach of everyone.

Write today for free copy of
"WORD MASTERY"

Send to The Regent Institute (Dept. Z/391L), Palace Gate, London, W.8, for free copy of prospectus, "Word Mastery."

Don't delay. Write for this interesting booklet NOW. There is no obligation.



No chance of enough to eat... but every chance of crippling malnutrition. This is the cruel truth for so many thousands of the children throughout the world. Hunger brings disease and despair to them and their families - but what can you do?

You can help now. Your gift enables Oxfam to send food and medical supplies to those who need them most, and provides tools to grow more food.

Only your help - your 10/- or £100 makes this possible.

£1 provides 2 children with a daily nourishing meal for a month.

Please send a gift to Richard Dimbleby

REMINDER



Please send your gift now in answer to Richard Dimbleby's B.B.C. Appeal. Each person's response matters to a hungry child.

OXFORD COMMITTEE FOR
FAMINE RELIEF
17 BROAD STREET, OXFORD

"Which?"

The July issue reports on
furniture removals
mothproofers
tipping
kitchen sinks
kitchen floor tiles

"Which?"

Reports on consumer goods and services are published every month in "Which?". Available on annual subscription only £1. to the

Consumers' Association,
Box M, 14 Buckingham Street,
London, W.C.2.

£175 must be won in easy Quiz Competition

You can obtain full details of this simple Quiz Competition in the FREE ENTRY FORM available to everyone.

Moreover, you can have the Free "Know-How Guide to Writing Success". In it, you learn—as so many have done—how to gain additional income by writing saleable articles and stories. You can learn how to obtain editorial cheques when you know how to make use of your daily life and experiences.

Send now, then, for the FREE ENTRY FORM to the easy, valuable Quiz Competition—and the inspiring FREE (DN) "Know-How Guide" which tells you about the No-Sales-No-Fees training—the Free subscription to the "Writer"—the two—Free writing encyclopaedias. There is no obligation; send NOW.

B.A. School of Successful Writing Ltd.
124, New Bond Street, W.1.

Gross Assets Exceed £2,500,000

Your Investments

must be safe, profitable and readily realisable. Davies Investments Ltd. can satisfy each one of these requirements. Safety is assured by skilled administration and ample reserves. Losses through defaults by borrowers have never exceeded 1% of our total lending figure in any one year. For the eighth year in succession a basic interest rate of 7½% per annum has been paid. 10% is withdrawable on demand and the maximum notice for the largest sum is six months. No fee or brokerage is chargeable.

An account can be opened for any sum, with a minimum of £20, but on units of £500 there is a special bonus of 1% per annum added annually. We have set out the main details of the facilities which are now so widely appreciated. If you would like further details and audited Balance Sheet, please write to Investment Department LR., Davies Investments Limited, Private Bankers, Danes Inn House, 265 Strand, London, W.C.2.